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Cowards Die Many Deaths

The weakness of British appeasement as contrasted with Fascist bravado is illustrated by the recent progress of military alliances on both sides of the fence. Chamberlain has been skittish about signing up with the Soviet Union because, it is reported, he was afraid of the effect on Portugal, Spain, Japan and even Italy. Meanwhile Germany and Italy have as usual taken the initiative from him by making an unequivocal military alliance of their own. In European politics it is power that counts; small nations, like God, are on the side of the biggest battalions.

Peace Terms Before War

Sir Arthur Salter, noted British economist, has just made a striking suggestion. In his new book, "Security —Can We Retrieve It?" which is about to be published by Reynal and Hitchcock, he points out that the world is drifting toward war and that hardly anyone is talking or thinking about the possible terms of peace. Would it not be well, he asks, to discuss new concessions that might be made, and principles established, as the result of a war, in order possibly to avert such a catastrophe? Sir Arthur goes further and lays down some of the terms that might be included. He is opposed to appeasement; he would make no concessions at all that were not part of a general plan. He would have a world conference, to be preceded by numerous bilateral discussions. The "war guilt" clauses of the Treaty of Versailles would be canceled, and the rest of the treaty would be dropped as soon as a substitute had been negotiated. The great powers would, by agreement, be given economic spheres of influence; in particular, Germany's special economic interests in Southeastern Europe would be recognized. Colonies would be reallocated. Great Britain would agree to barter raw materials to Germany in exchange for manufactured goods. The League of Nations would be revitalized or, if that seems hopeless, the new world order would be built around the Kellogg Pact. Armament would be universally restricted and limited. It is not hard to poke holes in one part or another of Sir Arthur's program; the important thing is that he has made a beginning on a most important task. The question now is whether Europe has sufficient moral resilience left to take action of this sort, or whether its paralysis has gone so far that it has neither will nor ability to seek an alternative to catastrophe.

Betrayal in Palestine

In discussing the Palestine "settlement" we propose to waste no words over Great Britain's breach of faith. That the British have gone back on their obligation is quite plain; but we never expected anything else. Nearly all the "great" nations have a habit of breaking their word whenever they feel it is expedient to do so. It has long been clear that Britain believed it was imperative for her to keep the friendship of the Arabs. We are more interested just now in asking whether the new British scheme for a permanent Jewish minority in an Arab state will work. On the whole,

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we doubt that it will. It presupposes, of course, continued British control of Asia Minor—a dubious assumption in view of the rapid growth of Italian-German influence in that area. The Arabs don't really want the British to "protect" them. They want to be free. The plan subjects the Jews to a people who in general are much less advanced socially, less active and enterprising, than they. It does nothing to correct the grave abuses in both Jewish and Arab communities, abuses rising primarily from landlordism, deep poverty and exploitation. Nothing Britain has done in years has so injured her standing with the United States as the announcement of this plan, made with more than customary ineptitude just when America's friendship is more desperately needed than ever before.

Rochester Relief Stamps

The government is experimenting in Rochester, New York, with a new device to distribute surplus farm crops to Americans who haven't enough to eat. Any recipient of public relief in Rochester—WPA workers, social-security beneficiaries like the indigent aged and the blind, and direct state or local relief clients—may purchase orange stamps in amounts up to $1 a week for each member in his family. For every dollar's worth of orange stamps the relief client buys he is given fifty cents' worth of blue stamps free. Orange stamps are as good as cash at Rochester grocery stores; blue ones are accepted at their face value on the purchase of any foods designated by the government as "surplus commodities." And the government redeems the stamps the grocers have accepted.

It works. The retail food market is doing a booming business, prices have dropped, the grocers are making new profits and the citizens on relief are delighted. The stamp plan is, of course, the alternative to distribution of surplus foodstuffs through the government depots. It offers a fuller variety of surplus commodities (at present flour, grapefruit, oranges, dried prunes, cornmeal, butter, eggs and dried beans) in customary units and packages, it removes the stigma in visiting the depot for a handout, and it should stimulate food sales generally. On June 1 the scheme will be tried in Dayton, Ohio, and later in four other cities. Then, after three months of experimental observation, the government will have some basis for deciding whether to try the stamp plan nationally.

Dark and Bloody Harlan

Though a small factor in the coal industry as a whole, "Bloody Harlan County" is important as a symbol of the bitter-end anti-union movement in the United States. The mines there, among the latest to be developed, were operated on a basis of employer dictatorship for years. The companies owned the towns, the houses and the stores, and employed private armed guards. The feudalistic Kentucky mountaineers, accustomed to gun-toting, contributed to the sporadic violence that characterized this principality. Not many months ago the federal government intervened against the employers, who were openly defying the Wagner Act by denying collective bargaining. It prosecuted them under the civil-liberties clauses of the United States Constitution. Though the trial resulted inconclusively through a hung jury, it led to the first collective agreement between the operators and the United Mine Workers. Refusal to renew this agreement on the same terms accepted by the other operators throughout the United States—including the union shop—represents a renewal of the stubborn anti-union attitude of the Harlan employers. This time, however, instead of private armed guards, Governor Chandler has kindly provided them with the National Guard. In spite of this "protection," only a small minority of the miners have gone back to work, and an effective strike is in progress. The government has already supplied food to the striking miners, and may intervene again in behalf of civil liberties.

Mr. Green Versus the AFL

In supporting its proposed amendments to the National Labor Relations Act, one of the major arguments of the AFL leadership is that the National Labor Relations Board is favoring the CIO over the AFL, by discriminating against craft unions. As long ago as 1915, students pointed out that of 133 international unions only 28 actually had craft jurisdiction. Now a study by the economists of the NLRB, based on examination of the union constitutions, has classified the 85 AFL unions as follows: craft, 12; multiple craft, 19; trade, 13; semi-industrial, 27; industrial, 10, and miscellaneous, 4. In terms of membership the movement toward inclusive forms is even more striking: craft, 25,800; multiple craft, 458,300; trade, 814,800; semi-industrial, 611,000; industrial, 815,600, and miscellaneous, 304,600. Even if it were true—though it is not—that the NLRB has discriminated against craft unions, the leadership of the AFL is thus clearly speaking in behalf of a minority of its members.

As they do not argue that the NLRB discriminates against the much greater number of AFL members in other types of union, the AFL leaders might ask themselves how their proposed amendments to the NLRA will affect this majority. They might even ask the members of the AFL. From a great many of them they may get the answer of Woodruff Randolph, editor of the AFL Typographical Union's Journal, who wrote recently: "It is moronic for alleged labor 'leaders' to join the employer campaign for amendments."

Flash

The photographic-supply industry (according to Tide) has a special surprise in store for all of us. Along

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announce a new gimcrack—cheap, simplified models of the cameras the press photographers use, complete with built-in, synchronized flash bulbs for indoor and night pictures. For a little more than five dollars anybody will be able to buy a Press Jr. Scoop, Newsflash, or what have you, turn up the brim of his hat, chew gum, and meet incoming celebrities. Camera manufacturers (including Powell Crosley Jr., who is now making everything from huge radios to tiny automobiles) hope that the new idea will sweep America off its tripod and turn the night into short intervals between photo-flashes. We're blind with anticipation.

Japan Passes the Hat

The press informs us that Japan has sent a delegation to the United States for the purpose of floating a large loan here. The money is said to be urgently needed to carry on the present war. In the recent past, the American State Department has strongly discouraged similar proposals. We hope it will continue to do so, and that even if it doesn't, no one will be rash enough to make such a loan. Presumably, Japan is willing to pay a high price for the money, and to put up as collateral solid possessions in Manchukuo and elsewhere. But no matter what the terms, she is a bad risk. She is heading both toward bankruptcy and fascism, and either of these states is an unhappy one for private capitalism, as Germany and Italy have proved. — Incidentally, application of the Neutrality Act would immediately stop the proceedings.

A Headache for the Admiral

When Admiral Leahy takes over his new job as Governor of Puerto Rico, he will find some tough problems on his hands, problems having nothing to do with military affairs. The people of Puerto Rico are for the most part desperately poor. Eighty-five percent of the population of 1,800,000 is rural and a large proportion will be entirely unemployed when the sugar cane is cut in June. In the past, the Puerto Rico Reconstruction Administration has been doing its best to struggle with this problem, but an economy-minded American Congress the other day cut its funds from an inadequate $11,000,000 to a hopeless $6,000,000. The Puerto Ricans, with an average family income of $150 a year or less, have to pay high American prices for their food. Their discontent has been increased by the autocratic rule of Governor Blanton Winship, who has been taxing the Puerto Ricans' salt a cent a pound to raise money for a not-too-successful effort to bring American tourists. As New Republic readers know, political activity has been ruthlessly suppressed.

Spanish fascists are active in Puerto Rico, and seem to be making converts. They march publicly wearing the uniforms of Franco's Falangists, and his red and gold flag appears over the Spanish clubs, the houses of the altars of the principal churches. If a German Nazi ship visits San Juan, there is a grand celebration; the Falangist leaders pose under a picture of Hitler and the German officers do the same under Franco's portrait. When a Te Deum was held to celebrate Franco's victory, it is charged that United States army officers and government officials were present side by side with uniformed Falangists giving the fascist salute. The Spanish fascists have lately begun to distribute food and clothing to the Puerto Rican poor, in the effort to win them over. Mexico, Cuba and the Argentine are reported to have cleaned out Franco's uniformed agents. The United States might well consider a similar step in Puerto Rico.

Young Man Showing His Muscles

The opening of the Soviet Pavilion at the New York World's Fair was a political event of some magnitude. That fact was recognized by all the speakers. Ambassador Oumansky—with his ambassadorial morning coat still too new for him to look at home in it—made a clear statement of policy toward Germany and Great Britain. "The Soviet people," he said, "are not impressed by threats. Neither do they beg for alliances. They are prepared to coöperate on a basis of complete reciprocity and equal obligations with powers which are interested in the maintenance of peace." Mayor LaGuardia let slip the secret that blood was spilled in the American revolution too, thereby making trouble for himself with the super-patriotic societies.

But the pavilion itself made a stronger statement than any of the speakers. It is simple, it is imposing and it cost a lot of money. In shape it is a horseshoe, with a tower of red porphyry rising between the arms. On top of the tower is the seventy-nine-foot stainless-steel statue of a young Soviet worker. Gleaming above the statue is a twelve-foot red Soviet star. Except for the Trylon itself, that star is the highest object at the Fair, just as the building beneath it is the most expensive of the foreign pavilions. The impression conveyed by the whole is that of power—the rather boastful but candid and friendly power of a young man showing his muscles, not looking for trouble but not running away from it either.

News Notes of a Week

The British treasury admitted that it had done nothing to prevent Germany's getting hold of the gold of the Czech National Bank, held in London in the name of the Bank for International Settlements. It was believed that the transfer had already been made, although Mr. Chamberlain recently referred to reports to that effect as "a mare's nest." The gold is estimated to be worth between five and six million pounds sterling. . . . Franco's "victory parade" in Madrid was led by 10,000 Italian troops. What his victory meant to

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wrote that 400 trials a day were taking place in Madrid. Courts-martial were handling the cases of 16,000 officers and non-coms of the Republican army, as well as 30,000 state employees, and special tribunals were trying 1,200,000 people card-indexed as Loyalists.

Tom Pendergast, the famous boss of Kansas City, pleaded guilty to income-tax evasion and was sentenced to serve one year and three months in the penitentiary and pay a fine of $10,000. . . . The Republic Steel Corporation filed suit against John L. Lewis, Philip Murray and the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee for $7,500,000. The company charges that the Little Steel strike of 1937 amounted to a conspiracy to force the company to sign a union contract, and that under the Sherman Act the union is responsible for all losses that the company suffered as a result of its activities. Does that include what the company spent for tear gas to use against union members?

Let's Be Serious About Taxes

CONGRESS is being urged to do something about taxes in the interest of recovery. Secretary Morgenthau is reported to have a program all ready and, while the President appears to be lukewarm about it, he is not offering any obstacle to its enactment if Congress so wishes. The question is, however, what to do that will really help.

The first contradiction appears in the attitude of those business men who argue, first, that reducing taxes on profits and capital will encourage enterprise and, second, that business confidence awaits progress toward balancing the budget. Balancing the budget before recovery occurs would involve drastic cuts in government spending. The task would be even harder if tax rates were reduced at the same time. It seems to us that business spokesmen ought to take their choice. They can't very well insist on lower taxes and a balanced budget at the same time. If they did, they would probably discover that while the government would allow them to keep more of any profits they might make, they would not make any, because of the crippling blow to the markets for their goods which would be delivered by curtailment of relief, public works and housing.

If, however, the business spokesmen would consent to a continuation of government borrowing and spending while their taxes were being reduced, there is still a vexing question of policy.

Their argument is that the combination of high surtaxes on large incomes, plus what remains of the tax on undistributed profits, plus the tax on capital gains, discourages the venture of new money in investment—and almost everyone agrees that the drying up of new investment is the major flaw in the present operation of the economic system. The contention is persuasive, on

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ings from small incomes goes into high-grade securities of established enterprises, what is needed for the development of new investment channels is the taking of risks by those who can afford to bear them and are spurred to do so by the chance of large profit. Such money, it is asserted, comes mainly from the big incomes, and if the government takes too much of it away, there is not enough left for venturesome enterprise. Also the high surtax rates mean that even if a big profit is made, the investor will not reap the reward of his courage, though he must bear the loss if the enterprise is unsuccessful. Again, big enterprises have been built up in the past largely by reinvestment of surplus profits, and this is discouraged by the undistributed-profits tax. The tax on capital gains further eliminates hope of quick returns from risk-taking. The result is that surplus money either lies idle or goes into tax-exempt securities issued by government.

But the answers to these contentions are equally persuasive. A good sum of money is already being invested in new industrial and commercial enterprises—the lack of new investment is not seen in these fields nearly so much as in the standard, established enterprises where the savings of the small incomes normally go, such as railroads, utilities and building. In spite of present tax rates, an attractive profit is still open to those who want to take risks in new enterprise. It is not proved that the undistributed-profits tax really hampers direct reinvestment by corporations, but even if it does so, its effect must be to enlarge dividends and thus either increase markets for goods or the amount of money seeking investment on the securities markets. This money could readily be attracted by any concern with business good enough to warrant the flotation of new stocks or bonds.

According to this view, the real trouble is not so much the rates of taxes on profits and incomes as the lack of profits to be taxed. This lack comes because the great mass of consumers do not have enough income to buy what they want, at the prices charged. If taxes are to be reduced, therefore, what we ought to cut is not the taxes on profits and large incomes, but those that interfere with consumption by persons of small income. Such taxes are now heavier, proportionately, than they have been for many years. They do their deadly work even though concealed from the ultimate payer. General sales taxes, taxes on real estate, social-security taxes, taxes on cigarettes, liquor and dozens of other commodities have piled up during the depression, because the proceeds of income taxes are not directly available to local governments and are limited even in the case of states, while income taxes themselves have ceased to yield nearly enough. Yet these non-income taxes are not adjusted to ability to pay, bear far more heavily on the poor than on the rich, and either subtract from the incomes of the masses or add to costs and prices generally, as income and profit taxes do not.

tion in which to move in tax reform is to lessen the burden on costs and prices, and transfer it to incomes. In the United States this project is severely hampered because of our federal form of government, with its many taxing units having different policies. Some states impose high income taxes; others, none. The limit to which federal income taxes may be raised is restricted by this fact. Yet some better solution might be worked out than the present practice.

Little good and much harm may be done by continual tinkering with the tax system, not executed in conformity with a rational program. Uncertainty about future taxes is fully as discouraging to enterprise as burdensome rates. Business can in the end adjust itself to almost any system, but it is upset by frequent changes. The tax problem is important, full of doubts and complexities. Why, then, try still another improvisation this year at the behest of one interest or another? We suggest rather that Congress establish an expert commission, with plenty of money for hearings and research, to devise a program for taxation that will really fit the requirements of a modern economy, and will be national in its scope, with suggestions for modification of state and local taxes. Let it be understood that until this commission brings in its report, no general tax revision will be undertaken. And let it also be understood that the new revision, when it does come, is intended to stand indefinitely. This would be a real relief to all concerned. Our belief is that it would aid recovery more than any possible immediate change.

Liberty and Common Sense

WE HAVE RECEIVED a statement from a new committee, the Committee for Cultural Freedom. Its purpose is said to be "to expose repressions of intellectual freedom under whatever pretext, to defend individuals and groups victimized by totalitarian practices anywhere, to propagate courageously the idea of untrammeled intellectual activity." The organization is described as "independent of control, whether open or secret, by any political group," and to be "committed to no particular social philosophy, but only to one of the fundamental criteria for evaluating all social philosophies today, *viz.:* whether it permits the thinker and the artist to function independently of political, religious or racial dogmas." The committee has been formed because

> the tide of totalitarianism is rising throughout the world. . . . Under varying labels and colors, but with an unvarying hatred for the free line, the totalitarian idea is already enthroned in Germany, Italy, Russia, Japan and Spain. There intellectual and creative independence is suppressed and punished as a form of treason. Art, science and education—all have been forcibly turned into lackeys for a supreme

To this statement are signed the names of many well known Americans, including a number of contributors to The New Republic.

With the general aims of this committee every American liberal must certainly agree. So far as the editors of The New Republic are concerned, we are in favor of the utmost possible liberty for all people at all times and in all places. When it comes, however, to saying what is "the utmost possible" for any given group, at a given time and place, we arrive at a question that is enormously complex and difficult. This question is ignored by the manifesto of the new committee, a document that is as naïve as joint declarations so often are. In a practical world, men live in a network of obligations, inhibitions and socially imposed restrictions. For example, we are pretty generally agreed that no one shall shout "fire" in a crowded theatre, or do its equivalent in the political field. In America we have seen laws passed to forbid the spreading of gossip regarding financial institutions without, so far as we know, any opposition from the libertarian groups.

The statement of the Committee for Cultural Freedom says in effect that we have entire liberty in America and that there is none at all in Germany, Italy or Russia. But this statement, also, needs amplification. It is quite true that there is enormously more freedom in the political field in the United States than in the three other countries named; but it is certainly not true that this country is the perfect haven of liberty. Go into a Southern textile town or a California fruit town and preach unionism, and you will see a prompt instance of Hitlerism in action. Try to get space in the conservative 75 percent or so of the American press for the expression of any sort of radical views, and see what happens to you. Try the same thing in the average schoolroom or pulpit and note the consequences. While we have been free from governmental coercion, few countries have exerted greater social pressure against variations from the accepted pattern than has the United States.

In lumping together the Fascist powers with the USSR, the committee shows, we feel, a regrettable lack of historical perspective. It clearly implies that fascism and communism are both completely incompatible with freedom for the individual. But while this charge is true of fascism, it is certainly not true of the theory of a socialist commonwealth. The suppression of the right of political dissent in Soviet Russia results, to the extent of at least 90 percent, from the Russian tradition, and not from necessary and valid socialist theory. The Russians have never known civil liberty, and the revolutionary state simply went on with the social institutions of the past. It is hard enough to develop and maintain freedom under the best of circumstances; it is far harder to do so when such conditions are unfamiliar, and in a country recently ravaged by civil war and confronted by the implacable hostility of most of the

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conditions, should do more to liberate the human spirit than has ever been accomplished on this earth. The fascist ideal, on the contrary, has for its end the sacrifice of the individual to the state, a sacrifice as blind as that of the moth which flies into the flame.

It is unfortunate, we feel, for another reason, that the new committee should give its support to the now familiar doctrine of "neither fascism nor communism in America." There is not the slightest possibility that the United States will go communist at any time in the predictable future. There is a real danger, however, that we shall embrace a large part of fascism, without, of course, calling it that. We shall probably, in fact, call it anti-fascism. One of the commonest slogans of the ugly forces that are working to bring this about is precisely the same as that innocently adopted by the new committee.

Our advice to the committee (which hasn't asked for it) would therefore be: stand for freedom throughout the world, by all means. Demand of your members (some of whom are widely supposed to be followers of the anti-libertarian Trotsky) that they join the effort with no reservations. Speak out strongly against violations of civil liberties in Soviet Russia as well as every other country. But recognize, too, that this is a world of realities and not of absolutes. Use sufficient common sense so that you don't throw out the baby with the bath.

General Moseley Sees Red

THE DIES COMMITTEE is finally on to something worth bringing out in the open air. Of course the surrealist notion of a "Jewish-internationalist-communist" seizure of the United States on one fine day in August, 1939, is deliberate falsehood, tinged with Lewis Carroll fantasy (especially the detail that the radical "plotters" are supposed to meet at the Harmonie Club in New York City which, in fact, rivals the Union League Club in its extreme conservatism). But the Dies Committee's exposure of the anti-Semitic campaign of former General George Van Horn Moseley, Dudley P. Gilbert of American Nationalists, Inc., James E. Campbell of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, George Deatherage, head of the Knights of the White Camellia, Felix McWhirter, the Indianapolis banker, and their affiliates is important for two reasons. It shows that anti-Semitism in the United States is being systematically cultivated and it proves again that the Dies Committee itself can easily be used as a sounding-board for "un-American" propaganda.

The Dies Committee for the past week has not been examining the "communist M-day plot." It has been looking into the anti-Semitic and fascist activities of Moseley's crew, trying to discover how they work, with whom they are allied, and where they get their financial made the newspaper headlines. Clearly, that was the tactic of Gilbert and Campbell on the witness stand—to distract attention from their own misdeeds by prattling about imaginary activities still more startling.

The Dies Committee has shown a weakness for listening to wild-eyed testimony before. The transcript of its hearings over the past year offers an amazing hash of reputable evidence and unsupported nonsense. And it is unfortunate that the nonsense has had more publicity than the sober facts. Three months from now, probably, the average newspaper reader, if he could recall anything of the testimony of the past ten days, would remember something about "how the communists were supposed to capture Washington along about the time the New York Yankees clinch the American League pennant."

Although no one can estimate the size or gullibility of the Moseley audience, we must not make the mistake of assuming that it is of negligible importance. Equally dangerous is the toplofty attitude that the anti-Semitic propaganda is "too stupidly handled" to constitute any real menace. We know almost nothing about propaganda and its effect. But we can remember that Hitler was laughed at and dismissed as ridiculous by his political opponents before 1933. We can see, too, that in the countries where propaganda is the most potent today, it is pitched on the lowest intellectual planes.

Propaganda succeeds where its falsehoods offer a satisfactory release for the common frustration of many people. In the United States, specifically, the lie about a "Jewish-communist" plot can offer solace to those who need a romantic, simple explanation for the fact that their incomes are too low, their houses are poor and their food is bad. It is almost impossible to fight a lie of the sort, except by curing the state of affairs that makes people look for personalized, concrete objects of hatred.

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Toward the New Munich

Men, yron, money and bread be the strengthe of the warre, but of these fower, the first two be most necessarie; because men and yron find money and bread; but bread and money fynde not men and yron. – *Nicolo Machiavelli, "The Art of War," translation of 1586.*

IN WORLD POLITICS, as in other games of chance, numbers impose limits upon luck and skill. Stakes are won by accurate calculations of war potentials and adroit combinations among Great Powers. In the building of alliances two units seldom balance three. Without the addition of America or Russia, France and Britain are obviously not counterweights to Germany, Italy and Japan. Under Hitler, "Aggrandizer of the Reich," Germany alone is today larger in area and population than Britain and France combined. With major allies in Rome and Tokyo and useful satellites in Burgos and Budapest, it might well overbalance even three units arrayed against it. Major Eliot's estimate of relative fighting power in last week's New Republic minimizes Poland's impoverishment and weakness and neglects the Reich's advantage of central position. Anything less than three Great Powers arrayed against the Axis will not suffice to maintain an equilibrium.

The addition of America to the Anglo-French combination is precluded by the unwillingness of Americans to be added. The addition of Russia has hitherto been precluded by the unwillingness of British and French diplomats to add. Their reluctance stems from the fact that they view Russia as the citadel of revolution. Conversely they look upon Germany, Italy and Japan as strongholds of counter-revolution. The propertied elites of the West shrink from a covenant with rebellion against reaction even in self-defense. Under these conditions two plus one never equals three because the will to add is absent.

This Tory calculus of class interest has long rested upon the comforting assumption that the "Anti-Comintern" Triplice, once granted mastery of Central Europe and Eastern Asia, would attack the USSR. For six years the Triplice, in Arnold J. Toynbee's apt phrase, has "anesthetized the democracies by gassing them with anti-Communist propaganda." Downing Street and the Quai d'Orsay have therefore played give-away instead of checkers in the conviction that Moscow would be the ultimate victim of aggression. Manchuria was given away by Sir John Simon, Ethiopia by Pierre Laval and Sir Samuel Hoare, Spain by Anthony Eden and Léon Blum, Austria by Lord Halifax and Czecho-Slovakia by Chamberlain, Daladier and Bonnet. The Peace of Munich set the stage for the Russian rapprochement. Passive inaction would permit

Since the Ides of March, 1939, it has dawned upon these gentlemen that Fascist promises are not always trustworthy. What if the new carnivores should prefer mutton or veal to bear meat? The traumatic episode which belatedly generated this suspicion was not the German mastication of Bohemia and Moravia but Hungary's devouring of Carpatho-Ukraine on March 16 with Hitler's benediction. The much publicized Nazi program of swallowing all Ukrainia was therewith consigned to the Greek kalends. Chamberlain, like Frankenstein, registered fear. Was the Fascist military monster he had helped to create about to turn against its makers? This danger dictated a sharp shift of Tory tactics.

This change of course was presented to a gullible world as a change of purpose. It was in fact only a change of method, disguised in familiar garments of noble motives and well meaning muddling. The purpose remained the same: to prevent a German-Russian entente; to promote a Fascist-Communist clash. Chamberlain had formerly assumed that a free hand for Hitler in the East would automatically unleash the drive toward Kiev. Now he perceived that this expectation could not be realized without a different and more active strategy. Hope that Britain and France might stand aside while the Triplice assaulted the USSR gave way to anxiety lest the USSR stand aside while the Triplice assaulted France and Britain. The problem of Tory diplomacy after March was one of preventing the latter development and restoring the probability of the former.

The wolves which London and Paris had so carefully nurtured, under the delusion that they were police dogs, were difficult to train and harness. They might spring westward toward Paris and London, southeastward toward Istanbul, Cairo and Bagdad, or eastward toward Moscow. The strategic objectives of Chamberlain and Daladier were to hold the frontiers of France against the Axis; to build a barrier to protect Egypt, Iraq, Iran and India; and to redirect the Reich (and Japan) against the USSR. The first aim required defense of the western front and new efforts to bribe Mussolini and Franco. The second necessitated defense of Greece and Turkey by Anglo-French naval power. The third presented maximum difficulties and called for the utmost skill in the diplomatic art.

An Anglo-French-Soviet alliance would defeat the end in view, for it would either halt Hitler's *Drang nach Osten* or oblige London and Paris to defend Moscow. Continued ostracism of the Kremlin would be equally dangerous, for it might precipitate a German-

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ance of an ensuing Nazi-Soviet clash. The solution attempted was ingenious: Moscow should be induced to defend Poland and Rumania, with the invitation dressed up as a "Stop-Hitler" campaign. Stalin's suspicions, however, had first to be assuaged by an apparent assumption of responsibilities on the part of London and Paris. Hence the Anglo-French "guarantee" of the "independence" of Poland and Rumania, followed by pressure on the Soviet Union to assume a like commitment.

These pledges were denounced by Lloyd George as "reckless" and "demented" in the absence of a Soviet alliance. This judgment would be just if the pledges had in fact been designed to reëstablish an eastern front against Hitler. Such was not their purpose. Chamberlain knew that Warsaw and Bucharest could neither defend nor be defended by London and Paris. Downing Street had long since given Germany mastery of the Baltic and the Danube. In a test of force Poland and Rumania would be conquered by the Reichswehr within a month. Yet there was method in Chamberlain's madness. The Anglo-French pledges, carefully hedged with weasel words, were bait. If Moscow should bite and assume obligations leading to a Nazi-Soviet clash, Paris and London could find plausible pretexts for abandoning the buffer states to the mercies of the combatants and reverting to "neutrality" and "non-intervention."

But this subtle maneuver was full of risks. Hitler must not assault Poland and Rumania before the USSR committed itself to their defense. Hence the need in the interim of alternately warning and cajoling Der Führer; urging "moderation" on Beck and Carol, who fear Soviet aid more than Nazi aggression; proposing "good offices" and an "amicable settlement" at Danzig; and utilizing the White House, the Vatican, the Duke of Windsor and any other convenient agents to plead with Hitler and discourage German aggression until after the USSR had aligned itself with the pretended anti-Hitler coalition.

The Kremlin, however, was wary. Litvinov's counter-proposal for an Anglo-French-Soviet alliance (the only possible basis for a genuine "Stop-Hitler" bloc) was of course declined. It was too "comprehensive," too "rigid," too certain to irritate Warsaw, Bucharest and Belgrade as well as Lisbon, Burgos, Rome, Tokyo and the Papacy. A binding alliance with Moscow would be useful if Hitler marched west. But if he marched east it would be more difficult to repudiate than a vague commitment to Warsaw and Bucharest. If such an alliance were honored and implemented, moreover, it would halt Fascist aggression in Europe and Asia alike. The object of the men of Whitehall was not to halt aggression, since fascism would die without blood and bones to feed on, but to deflect it toward Moscow. Litvinov refused to be ensnared. Downing Street offered new bait: Moscow need not take up arms until London and Paris should take up arms in defense of Warsaw and Bucharest. Litvinov hesitated. The result would be the same: a war in which the Reichswehr would rapidly overrun Poland and Rumania and then clash with the Red Army, while France and Britain would subject the Reich to futile siege and blockade in the west and presently make a separate peace.

Litvinov's resignation on May 3 was followed by a new British proposal on May 8: let Moscow merely agree to come to the defense of Britain and France against the Reich. This formula (defend-us-but-we-won't-defend-you) was even more transparent. Molotov demanded guarantees of the Baltic States and a fully reciprocal alliance. Chamberlain may yet be forced by his followers and his fear of Hitler to accept this distasteful alternative. If he does, Moscow will still suspect that his purpose is to dishonor the obligations as soon as fascism and communism are openly at war. Halifax and Bonnet do not inspire confidence.

Under these circumstances Stalin cannot afford to make military commitments save on terms of reciprocity, signed and sealed by Anglo-French leaders worthy of trust. The present leaders represent class interests which they firmly believe would be served by a German-Soviet war. By the same logic, however, the class interests represented by Stalin could be served by an Anglo-French clash with the Axis. If Moscow's price is not met, Molotov may well adopt a policy of isolationist neutrality. The subjugation of France and Britain by the Triplice would be as dangerous to the USSR as to America. But it would be less dangerous than embroilment in war with the Triplice while Chamberlain and Daladier deserted to the enemy.

France and Britain might yet avert disaster by the removal from office of Bonnet, Daladier, Simon, Hoare, Halifax and Chamberlain, followed by the immediate conclusion of a Soviet alliance by trustworthy successors. Such a development is improbable. The alternatives are two: Soviet entanglement in Chamberlain's trap or Soviet isolation. The latter will ensure Anglo-French defeat. Wars already decided before they are begun do not need to be fought. Downing Street will again prefer to buy peace, this time at the expense of Poland, Rumania and France.

Fantastic and disastrous as this prospect appears, it is the most probable outcome of the present crisis. Chamberlain's ultimate choice will not lie between a German-Soviet war, with Britain and France neutral, and an Anglo-German war with Moscow neutral. The former cannot be engineered. The latter cannot be risked. The choice will lie between fighting the Triplice with Soviet aid or surrendering to the Triplice. Each time this choice has been presented to the rulers of the Western states, they have chosen to surrender. The Eastern Locarno, the Paris-Prague-Moscow alliances, the Little Entente and the Balkan entente all foundered on this

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rock. Last September Rudolf Beran and the Czech Agrarians chose capitulation to Hitler in preference to defense by the USSR. If faced with similar alternatives, the Polish and Rumanian feudal gentry will make the same choice.

There is little reason for believing that Britain's Tory oligarchy or the "two hundred families" of France will choose differently, regardless of national interests or paper pacts. Stalin therefore knows that treaties of defense with the present rulers of Britain and France are worthless. Alliances are made for war. The objective of war is to crush the enemy. Chamberlain may threaten and bluff, but he and his kind will never join Moscow in arms to crush fascism. What Stalin knows, Hitler also knows. Precisely here is the secret of his success as blackmailer. From this Nemesis of the West there is apparently no escape short of social revolution. For this the time is not yet.

Today's equation is thus a simple one. Chamberlain dares not count on America. He will not conclude any Soviet alliance without reserving the right to renounce it. If he cannot embroil the Reich and the USSR in combat, he must perforce risk defeat in war or return to Munich. In either case Tory arithmetic adds up once more to Fascist victory over the Western powers.

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN

Sumner's "Folkways"

Tenth of the "Books That Changed Our Minds"

WHEN, IN RESPONSE to a questionnaire sent out by The New Republic, I jotted down the title of William Graham Sumner's "Folkways" as one of the books that had changed our minds, I was confident that I was listing one of the obvious major influences on American thought. A diligent search through the critical literature of the past quarter-century, however, has only served to disillusion me: references to Summer are few and far between if we discount the works of Yale graduates, and if Franklin D. Roosevelt had not misappropriated one of Sumner's titles in his "forgotten man" speech, Sumner would today be the Forgotten Man. He was even overlooked, or dismissed, by Vernon Parrington, the voluminous and presumably definitive historian of the "main currents" of American thought. You will look in vain through the index to Parrington's "The Beginnings of Critical Realism in America" for any mention of "Folkways," and the only Sumner that is listed is the crabbed Charles. A publisher's footnote to the passages devoted to Henry C. Carey and Francis A. Walker, two half-forgotten economists of the Gilded Age, does inform us that Parrington considered including a third sub-section on Sumner, but evidently decided against it. No reason for the decision is offered, but Parrington briefly indicates his opinion of Sumner in one sentence: ". . . from Wayland to Sumner they [the political economists] upheld the abstract principle of free competition; but what they could do in other ways to appease the wrath of the protectionists they did heartily. . . ."

Thomas Beer does, of course, do handsomely by Sumner in "The Mauve Decade." "In this maze of intellectual timidity," wrote Beer, "William Sumner emerges as a cold, ponderous groper, an Episcopal clergyman who threw off his silk and became deliber-

the nineteenth century in the United States. He was born so early in the century that he conceived of the practice of free speech as an inalienable right of the American citizen, and education not as a species of social drill for the sons of pretentious women, but as education, an argument between the instructor and the instructed. . . . In 'Folkways' ideas are hidden around the bulk of a clumsy oratorical protasis and definitions must be exhumed as fossils from the marsh of swollen paragraphs . . . but he took the one stride that separated him from other American sociologists of the period: he was able, finally, to assume an exterior view of all societies. . . ."

If Sumner can properly be termed the founder of an objective American sociology, then the joke is obviously on Vernon Parrington. There is, however, an excuse, if not a justification, for the critical neglect of Sumner. For "Folkways" is not so much a seminal document as it is a part of a tradition that received its first great impetus from Darwin, Wallace and Herbert Spencer in England. True, Sumner was the first American to treat the customs, the folkways, the philosophical notions, the *mores* and the religion of a people from the genetic, or functional, standpoint. And in so doing he practically created the subject of sociology on these shores, the partisans of Columbia University's Franklin Henry Giddings to the contrary notwithstanding. The one great idea that you take away from "Folkways" is the idea of the relativity of cultures, the feeling that no custom or habit-pattern is right or wrong except in relation to a time and a place. Naturally this idea is neither astounding nor shocking to one who has already habituated himself to the genetic approach through contact with Darwin, Taine, Huxley—or, for that matter, Marx and Engels. The notion that manners, morals and philosophies derive not from revelation but from

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was revolutionary in the 1880's; and Sumner had to win a long knock-down and drag-out fight with President Noah Porter of Yale before he could use Herbert Spencer in his classroom. But the great victory for the evolutionary and the functional approaches was won on the field of biology; and Sumner can only be credited with adapting the Darwinian scientific method to the study of human society. That is credit enough for any man; but it explains how Parrington could feel justified in giving some eight pages to John Fiske as a direct popularizer of the school of Darwin and Herbert Spencer and only one slighting reference to Sumner. Fiske's popular broker-role was, after all, the wider, no matter what the sons of Elihu Yale may prefer to think.

But Fiske was by all odds the shallower person—and it is one of the great blots on Parrington's record that he missed the total import of Sumner which, as we shall see, is wider than can be comprehended from a reading of "Folkways" or Sumner's books and essays that are limited to laissez-faire economics. The fact that *mores* has passed into the vocabulary of people who have never opened "Folkways" is sufficient evidence that Sumner, who rescued the word from the Latin dictionary, has had a pervasive, even if unnoticed, camphor-ball effect on the intellectual atmosphere of our times. If Sumner has been neglected by a younger generation which has fed on the genetic studies of Veblen, Beard and others whose works are under discussion in this series, the reason has fundamentally to do with standards of journalism, not philosophic worth. Veblen and Beard attacked specific problems in a specific way. "An Economic Interpretation of the Constitution of the United States" makes its point quickly; anyone can enjoy it and understand it. Sumner's "Folkways," which consists of a vast encircling movement on ideas once cherished by the Protestant churches of America and all good citizens, is subtler, more devious. But properly interpreted, "Folkways" is just as disturbing to the view that the Constitution was ordained of God as is the work of Beard, for it proves by induction that *all* effective rules for human guidance, including those written down on parchment, come out of the *mores*, which are brought into being by human animals pursuing—or mispursuing—their interests. Parenthetically, it may be remarked that Veblen, who studied under Sumner in New Haven in the eighties, very probably derived some of his ideas on conspicuous waste from Sumner. I have in mind specifically the Veblen passages on conspicuous waste in the field of education. Sumner's great campaign of the 1880's against Noah Porter and the classical Yale curriculum was an attack on the "leisure-class" training that exalted the notions "that what is useful is vulgar" and that "useless accomplishments define a closed rank of superior persons." The words are Sumner's own; and if the flower of Veblen's "The Theory of the Leisure Class" then coincidence is a remarkable jade.

There is, however, no use quarreling over priorities in ideas: the worth of a concept does not depend on authority, but on relevance, and the priority game can be worked on Sumner as well as on Veblen. If I had been properly educated by, say, Robert Maynard Hutchins in the contents of the "great books of the world," I should, no doubt, have begun with the great Victorian evolutionary thinkers and then jumped to the specific applications of the functional approach in men like Beard and Veblen. I should have first learned about the influence of the frontier on American history—and American democracy—from Turner, not from stray passages in Sumner. But, by sheer chance, I happened to grow up in New Haven, where the cult of "Sumnerology" thrives. I had a father who divided his college courses at Yale into two categories: those taken with A. G. Keller—Sumner's apostle and literary executor—and the rest, which were presumably a complete waste of time. Naturally I took in a good deal of Sumner through the pores, and whether "Folkways" is a primary or a "secondary" book has never mattered very much to me. Sumner has been since my adolescence not so much an author as a presence. And there is no better way to understand him than to show him against the background of New Haven, a Puritan-Congregational town that has profited from the sweep of American industrial life without ever being actually in it to the extent of a Pittsburgh—or even a Waterbury or a Bridgeport.

Sumner's father, Thomas Sumner, an immigrant from Lancashire, was one of those stubborn, self-taught machinists who, in the early days of the last century, haunted mechanics' institutions in search of knowledge. Back of the father lay generations of weavers, "artisans and members of the wage class," as Sumner himself put it, whose "trade was ruined by machinery." The evils of early industrial capitalism, however, did not make Thomas Sumner class-conscious; they merely made him indefatigably self-sufficient. The year after William Graham was born in New Jersey, Thomas went on a prospecting trip to Pennsylvania and Ohio, but he returned with the conviction that life on a mechanic's wages in a settled community was preferable to pioneering in the wilderness. British phlegm and a habit of downrightness seem to have been the sometimes quarreling characteristics of the whole Sumner breed. And the "dogged-does-it" work methods of William Graham were obviously derived from Thomas.

The son was trained for the ministry at Yale, at Göttingen in Germany, and at Oxford, where he discussed Buckle and the "philosophy of history" with avidity in the expanding atmosphere of the mid-Victorian years. In England young students were wonder-

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while the English were wondering, the German scholars were perfecting a fruitful method by applying the so-called Higher Criticism to the study of Biblical origins. Sumner was more impressed by the "nobly scientific" attitude of Göttingen than he was by anything at Oxford. Later he learned that the "social science of Germany is the complete inversion in its method of that of German philology, classical criticism and Biblical science. Its subjection to political exigencies works upon it as disastrously as subjection to dogmatic creeds has worked upon Biblical science in this country." With this distinction in his mind Sumner managed to escape what he termed the Hegelian "fever"; the magic formula of "thesis, antithesis, synthesis" meant nothing to him. Yet his German experience predisposed him to Darwinism quite as much as Hegel predisposed other schools of the mid-century to the theory of a continually evolving world.

Before the solvents of the Higher Criticism had worked to undermine his religious faith, however, Sumner was ordained a deacon and a priest of the Protestant Episcopal church. He became a rector in 1870, but found that when he came to write his sermons he tended to produce disguised tracts on social science and economics. When he was offered the chair of Political Economy and Social Science at Yale in 1872 (for a time there was a movement afoot to bring him back to New Haven as a professor of Greek!) he jumped at the chance. Exposure to Darwin, Huxley, Haeckel and Spencer produced an instantaneous reaction in him. As Keller points out, Sumner's philological training enabled him to read Job, the "Odyssey," Virgil, Dante, Goethe, Ibsen, Dostoevsky, Sienkiewicz, Calderón, Molière and Camoëns all in the original, and the likenesses and differences in the customs of various "in-groups" and "out-groups" the world over were familiar to him through the study of comparative literature. Once given the clarifying lead of the evolutionary theory, the likenesses and differences in customs and laws began to make sense as what was "fittest to survive" under the widely varying conditions of the earth's surface.

But cultural relativity and New Haven did not wholly mix. Aside from the difficulties which Sumner had with Noah Porter, there was the dominant capitalist ethic which Sumner clung to unreservedly through thick and thin. New Haven has always been something of a *rentier* town; the university, which lives on endowments, makes that inevitable. The rawer phases of industrialism can, of course, be found if you look for them on East Chapel Street, or near the Winchester, the Marlin and the Acme Wire factories. But there were no blast furnaces, no Pullman strikes, no great disturbances in New Haven to disturb Sumner's pondering; and the Populists of the West, with their cheap-money clamor, could only seem ridiculous to him—criticize him. The connection between monopoly and even though human beings seem constitutionally averse to letting it work out in practice. And it could only seem good to Sumner as he looked at expanding America from his somewhat aloof station in Lawrence Hall.

It is at this point that Sumner begins to seem fallible like the rest of us, for all the legendary impressiveness of his "iron voice" and "magnificent baldness." For if human beings are averse to letting laissez-faire work its presumed magic, if "interests" insist on asking for protection and labor unions are by their very nature unwilling to let wage cuts take place "naturally," then there must be something in the *mores* that makes for such cussedness. Sumner frequently preached against the "absurd attempt to make the world over." Yet here he was, as a last-ditch champion of Adam Smith, trying to "make over" the average individual's habit of asking for governmental intervention to render the struggle for existence less harrying. If you comb "Folkways" you will find numerous instances of how Sumner's economic theology gets in the way of his scientific method. A truly objective sociologist will note that peoples, organized as national "in-groups," will sometimes prefer the security of a balanced economy to the higher standard of living that may be had from a specialized economy. The choice may not make sense to those naturally predisposed to getting the most goods for the least money. But if you have only one type of product to sell—as the island of England has only her finished goods to sell—then you expose yourself to the depredations of any neighbor that can put itself athwart the lanes of supply by which you are accustomed to get other goods. Since "Folkways" teaches us that no human choice is eternally "right," Sumner's laissez-faire absolutism can only seem out of character with his profession as a social scientist.

In one section of "Folkways" Sumner speaks of the decay of the Roman Empire. He writes: "The abuse of democratic methods by those-who-had-not to plunder those-who-had must also have had much to do with the decline of economic power, and with the general decline of joy in life and creative energy." Such a sentence is unbecoming to a "scientist," for it presupposes the law and says the facts "must" have fitted the rule. A perfectly good case could be made out that the converse of Sumner's statement was true, and that the decline of economic power preceded and "caused" the plundering of the "haves" by the "have-nots." In fact, Henry George made out just such a case in "Progress and Poverty" long before "Folkways" finally saw the light of publishing day in 1906. George traced the decline of Roman economic power to the hogging by the rich of the available productive land. Sumner was perfectly aware, as "Folkways" shows, of the great Roman "latifundia," or slave-worked estates. And he was certainly aware of Henry George; indeed, he was wont to

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that capitalists would invest their money in ways that might be counted on to maximize production if only government "jobbery" could be eradicated. But there was the rub: the *mores* derive from the pursuit of "interests," and capitalist short-run interest is frequently against laissez-faire and on the side of "jobbery." To hope for a "perfectly" meshing capitalist system, with everyone pursuing the "long-run" interest of all, is as idealistic as to hope for socialist perfection, and Sumner is hoist by his own petard.

Sumner's economic conservatism naturally made him an enemy of the revolutionists of his day. But revolutionists ought to listen to him. No one will ever be surprised, after reading "Folkways," at the spectacle of Thermidorean reaction following upon revolution; the *mores* are stubborn and as slow to change as the elephant is to mate, and the edicts of a Robespierre and a Trotsky can have only a slight effect on them. But revolutionary sweeps do have permanent effect, for all that. The marital customs of the French peasant may be more or less today what they were in the eighteenth century. But no French peasant who dates his freehold to the Great Revolution will tell you that the "Marseillaise" was sung for nothing. Sumner is justified in his contempt for the more Utopian revolutionaries, but he often misses the point that revolutions can change things from the economic standpoint. The French Revolution was, of course, an individualist's revolution, and Sumner might justify its gains as illustrative of the principles he thinks to be relatively sound. But communalism, if not communism, can be a mode of life; and Margaret Mead has aptly demonstrated the extreme elasticity of the human animal by her investigations of primitive communal and individualist cultures that sometimes exist almost within a stone's throw of each other. In using Sumner as a stick with which to belabor New Deal "interventionist" economics as "socialistic," A. G. Keller no doubt carries on as the Master would require. But that is not the scientific approach: the *mores* all over the world are sanctifying the "interventionist" state. And it is useless, on Sumner's own evidence, to buck the *mores* head on: if one aspires to leave an impress on one's time one can only hope to give a slight twist to events. Statesmen who fail to "gauge forces in the *mores* and to perceive their tendencies" (the words are Sumner's own) are blown away.

But Sumner's weak points are, after all, the weak points of an age; his strength, on the other hand, lives on. Social-science methods have become far more rigorous and precise since the publication of "Folkways," and the field expedition has replaced Sumner's reliance on the printed word and the traveler's tale. Yet every anthropologist and sociologist "on location" owes a debt to Sumner's attempted "exterior view." And, for thing," the text of "Folkways" is still the most powerful general compendium of the *mores* that may be obtained. Read once, however, it can be placed upon the shelf to gather dust. For it is not a charming book; its prose is the prose of an old man who hated the agonies of composition. It is in his shorter essays that Sumner shows to best advantage as a stylist: I give you the peroration of his "The Conquest of the United States by Spain," written when the post-1898 imperialist fever was at its height, as one of the noblest pieces of polemical writing in the language. Firmly grounded in a knowledge of the *mores* of our once Jeffersonian Republic, it is a plea for isolation from the troubles of the Old World that rings truer than ever today.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

For Some Slain in the World War

On scattered battlefields they lie,
A generation's promise withering,
The manly hearts, the vigorous minds
Pierced by war's deadliest sting.

And you whom we lament, Owen and Hulme,
Warm-hearted Brézska, Isaac Rosenberg,
The young, unnumbered, dying mute, unheard
In untried powers—new generations surge,

Trample and mock, destroy, corruptions creep
From ruined worlds you tried to save.
The fine eyes close on a sardonic dream
Spent in the nightmare of the grave.

The wild horses of revolt are loose,
Dyed in your vein's lost red,
The girls you loved grow old,
Sleep in a stranger's bed.

Children with frightened eyes
Feel you as shadows ominous and low
While from the battlefields the psychic anger spreads,
The deep frustrations grow.

Hatred has spilled its seed
And sown corruption on the battlefields;
The young blood festers on the grass
The mildew rots the mock-heroic shields.

Still are the cities arrogant and bright,
Noisy with forgetful song.
The electric heavens shine each evening
But you aspiring, cheated, dead, sleep long.

Still under country skies, deep grass, soft flower:
The white water leaps, the salmon-falls,
The ivory-breasted sea
From earth to heaven calls.

Yet unapparent change has changed your world;
Your wasted generation lies
Like guilt upon our minds, unconscious blight,
A secret darkening of the skies.

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Profits for the Piney Woods

THE SOUTH NOW HAS some forty plants, costing $200,000,000 or more, producing pulp for paper and other articles of basic importance to American commerce. Sixteen of these pulpwood plants have been constructed since 1936. This looks like a well developed movement by the paper-making industry to utilize greater quantities of second-growth Southern pine.

Pulp and paper users still import approximately one-half their requirements, and the potential market for pulpwood products in the United States is good. The South is accessible by rail and water to principal consuming markets. It has labor—much of which is idle because of the distress in cotton. Limestone and sulphur for chemical processing are available in local deposits. The wood of young, quick-growing, second-growth Southern pines is of excellent color, relatively free from resinous heartwood. Logging is easy. The industry has been benefited by the technical advances worked out by the Herty Laboratories, the Forest Products Laboratory of the United States Forest Service and other agencies. Southern pine is suitable for pulping.

All this is encouraging to the paper industry and to the South. But a note of warning is needed. The modern paper plant requires a heavy investment. To safeguard it and its labor, stability is essential. And to assure stability, there must be an adequate, continuous supply of wood. If Southern forests are protected from fire, treated as a crop and managed on sustained yield, the Forest Service believes they can meet this essential requirement. But if the forests are "mined" on a quick-liquidation basis, then capital, labor, dependent communities and social structures must inevitably suffer.

Land owners and mill men must improve the fire protection and forest-management practices if the second-growth pine stands of the South are to be utilized to the best advantage. Fortunately, progress has been made in recent years. Fire protection has been extended. Reforestation has increased. In coöperation with the states and the federal government, many private owners have demonstrated that better forest practices bring increased growth and improved stock.

But nearly 72,000,000 acres in the South—60 percent of all the privately owned forest land—still lack adequate fire protection. A prominent lumber journal exclaims vehemently at the "arrant, expensive waste of natural resources." Public-spirited citizens who know conditions say that overcutting is still being practised: that the South's sincere operators and owners are being used as a screen behind whose protection the methods that have already created so many ghost towns and caused so much human misery are being continued. Public regulation of cutting may be necessary.

Almost all pulpwood plants in the South now pro- is possible to refine the pulp for rayon. The majority of the older mills are inland, while the newer ones are generally on the coastal plains. And although newsprint from Southern pine has so far been produced on an experimental scale, its commercial feasibility seems assured by a newsprint mill now projected in Texas.

This promises another tremendous outlet for wood products—and another drain on Southern forests. It emphasizes the need for care in cutting, for foresight in leaving sufficient young growth and seed trees for future crops, and for effective protection from fire. Pulpwood requirements must be coördinated with those of the thousands of other wood-using industries that are so vital to Southern labor, commerce and (through maintenance of local markets) to agriculture.

The South grows four important kinds of pine: shortleaf on higher lands, longleaf and slash on the lower coastal plains, and loblolly in the more or less intermediate sections. These species occupy 152,000,000 of the 203,000,000 acres of commercial forest lands in fourteen Southern states. Most of these species produce a high percentage of sapwood, which facilitates conversion into pulp. And quick growth permits relatively rapid turnover of forest capital.

Second-growth stands in the loblolly-shortleaf and pine-hardwood regions have for the most part developed after logging the old-growth timber. Selection cuttings, properly made, will produce pulpwood from thinnings, and from crooked logs, smaller logs and top logs that fail to pay their way as saw logs. And at the same time the general health of the forest will be so improved that it will yield poles, piling, ties and sawlogs, all commanding better prices than pulpwood.

Investigations by the Southern Forest Experiment Station in Arkansas loblolly pine have determined that with the current average degree of understocking, an acre of loblolly pine in Arkansas will produce 4.5 times as much cellulose per acre per year as the average acre of cotton; that if fully stocked and fully producing, the average acre of loblolly pine in Arkansas will produce each year eleven times as much cellulose as is produced each year on the average acre of cotton.

Governor Rivers has said that if it is running at capacity, one of the new pulp mills in Georgia employs as much labor as is needed to grow 100,000 acres of cotton. And remember that Southern pines support an industry that produces more than 68 percent of the world's naval stores, as well as a lumber production that is second only to the Pacific Northwest.

With so much at stake, care should be taken to build no more pulp mills than the South's timber can support. New mills should be distributed as far as economically possible throughout the region, and each plant should be a permanent fixture, utilizing the timber in its territory on a sustained-yield basis with full regard for the needs of other forest-using industries.

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tion for growing stands, pulpwood industries should become an important and a permanent factor in a stable, prosperous South. F. A. SILCOX

Green Batting for Hearst

FOR THE THIRD TIME since the strike began last December, the managements of The Chicago American and The Herald and Examiner have sat down to negotiate with their employees in the Newspaper Guild. The previous negotiations ended two months ago with a flat and arrogant "No" to every Guild proposal. They were resumed last week at the instigation of the management, after President Fischer of the Typographical local and Charlotte Carr of Hull House had both appealed for resumption in the public interest. The two papers have been sinking steadily. Worse than that—from the standpoint of the management—the rank and file of the Chicago Federation of Labor have been getting hep to the fact that their leadership has been selling them out to Hearst.

The AFL—the hierarchy, that is—has been organizing Hearst's "independent" unions, soliciting subscriptions and advertising for him and even casting from its starched bosom AFL unions which refuse to support Hearst. Green, Woll, Frey and Company tried to break the Milwaukee and Seattle strikes while the Guild was still in the AFL. When the Guild went CIO, Green announced publicly that he was going to fight the Guild, beginning in Chicago. He has kept his word and gone down the line for William Randolph Hearst.

A couple of years ago a reporter for The American was ordered to do a puff series on Chicago unions, the purpose being to recapture circulation from the New Dealish Daily Times. The reporter was told to get a big, handsome interview with John Fitzpatrick, the ancient president of the Chicago Federation of Labor. "You can print this in your paper," said Mr. Fitzpatrick. "You can say that I am a good Catholic and will burn in hell if I don't forgive my enemies, but I would rather burn in hell than forgive Hearst or read one of his papers or get anyone else to read them. You can say that I've seen my own brothers' blood spilled by Hearst hoodlums, and you can say that I've always hated Hearst and always will."

Last week a full-page reprint from The Herald and Examiner was mailed by the Chicago Federation of Labor to a list of a thousand local and national advertisers selected by the Hearst management. "Chicago's Labor Chief Says . . ." the ad began, and quoted John Fitzpatrick as follows: "Excellent union conditions prevail on The Herald and Examiner and The Evening American. These newspapers are deserving of the support of all American Federation of Labor men and women."

the CFL, circularized his local with subscription cards for The Herald and Examiner—the return postage being paid for by The Herald and Examiner. "Our own unions [the former "independent" unions in the Hearst plant now holding AFL federal charters] haven't asked us for any money contributions [don't ask why], but here is a way we can help them. To aid jobs, these newspapers must gain in home circulation to encourage advertising. . . ."

The Herald and Examiner and The American now display the Allied Printing Trades union label. Hearst is advertising lavishly in the Chicago Federation News. Station WCFL is attacking the "Reds and Guildsmen" several times a day and refuses even to sell the Guild time to reply. (No other radio station or newspaper will sell the Guild time or space.) The CFL, with Bill Green's specific blessing, has thrown out the Northwestern University local of the Teachers' Union and threatened the same action against the Typographers and the Railway Clerks because their members are supporting the strike. And of the two "independent" unions which arose last year just before the Labor Board hearing on the Guild complaints and received AFL charters overnight, one has a contract outlawing strikes and the other hasn't even a contract.

The Hearst management sits by and watches the AFL fight the CIO for the benefit of Hearst. There is no jurisdictional dispute involved—the Guild, in its petition to the Labor Board a year ago, exempted from its jurisdiction all craft workers—but Green and Company are pretending there is in order to strafe the CIO. And the management, which has not appealed from the finding of the Labor Board examiner that it was "interfering with, restraining and coercing its employees," informs the public that it really can't do anything about a fight between two unions.

The strike has been endorsed by official action of 200 AFL locals all over the country—including, incidentally, Local 1 of the Progressive Mine Workers of America. It is supported by President Whitney of the Railway Trainmen and by the regional executives of the Ladies' Garment Workers. The Typographers' local, which ought to know whether there is a jurisdictional fight, says it has "no dispute" with the Guild, and its president and membership refused to adopt its executive board's resolution supporting Hearst.

As long as the AFL goes on scabbing and strikebreaking with Hearst money, the management will try to keep the papers alive and the Guild on the street. Time is always against strikers, but in this situation the management is racing time, too. The whole Hearst inverted pyramid is rocking. The Examiner (which is not much more than a folded handbill) and The American are losing a million to two million dollars a year. There is every reason for Hearst to get out of Chicago—for his own benefit as well as the city's.

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Shoot the Works

Shorter and Fewer

THE STOCK HEAD upon this weekly sermon is slightly inappropriate today because I want to speak in favor of a few unpopular inhibitions. I would like to see the sturdy woodsmen who pioneer new paths in literature be a little more merciful to such freshly painted walls and fences as are yet inarticulate. I would not put a complete ban upon all four-letter words, but the law of diminishing returns does set in when they are used forty times four or even more generously. Shock words may wear out their welcome just as readily as prissy ones.

Of late in novels and short stories I have been minded to say to purveyors of the stark and bold, "All right, all right, but I get the idea. Don't rub my nose in it." As a matter of fact, I have a suspicion that there is something a little toplofty in the literary assumption that all troopers swear and that the enraged truck driver reacts to irritation in a set formula of blistering phrases. In spite of the prevalence of stencils, there is a margin of variation in the common speech of the common man.

If I say that there are words, be they Anglo-Saxon or whatever, which seem to me ugly in sound as well as in connotation I am likely to be told that this is the result of unresolved complexes and that there is nothing inherently evil in any sound compounded out of the alphabet. I am quite ready to confess to complexes. Indeed there was a time when I used to bore large dinner parties by long harangues which began, "The trouble with me is . . ."

But as far as complexes and inhibitions go, aren't we all? And no writer can type a shock word with the same casualness it may acquire when tossed off in casual talk. There are conversations which tend to purify themselves like running brooks. I have heard some of the most objectionable participles flung around in a way which was wholly austere. These were grace notes from which all sensuality had departed. It would be interesting to take some such free talker and show him a stenographic transcript of the words which come tumbling out of his unconscious. I suspect that he himself might be gravely perturbed to see himself in cold type.

Print changes the entire character of a phrase. A simple damn by a river's brim may become a fearful expletive when set down in bold face. There are things that are well enough at a smoker which should still be kept out of twenty-four-point Caslon. Of course, we are rearing up a new generation of readers and reviewers. I have yet to see a single critic make any mention of the fact that John Steinbeck lays it on pretty thick in "The Grapes of Wrath." I hold no card of membership in the critic's craft and so I may state timidly that I think he does. Nor will I willingly accept the indictment that any such opinion indicates that I am drifting to the right. I do not see a necessary connection between proletarian literature and some set percentage of words which bring the blushes to a maiden's cheek.

Of course, I respect the complet[illegible] of "The Grapes of Wrath" is a novel of great significance, and one cannot write of misery and men crushed to the ground without having access to words that are earthy. But at times I think a kind of phoniness creeps in. Folklore can become confused with the type of yarn which the stockbroker brings up from the busy marts of trade, saying, "Here is one, that was going around the Street today." In at least one chapter of "The Grapes of Wrath" a little daisy is introduced about a boy who owned a cow, and it is presented as something springing right out of the anecdotage of the sharecroppers. Upon some subjects I have a retentive memory. I spotted that one. It first came to my ears on the sidewalks of Manhattan, West Eighty-seventh Street between Amsterdam and Columbus Avenues. I was six years old at the time, which would make the dirty little story at least half a century in age. It has been lugged into "The Grapes of Wrath." It is not a native flower.

Some years ago I was accepted by a friendly magistrate as an expert witness in a case brought by John Sumner's society against James T. Farrell. The book in question was "A World I Never Made." I was testifying in favor of Farrell. Magistrate Curran, whose literary gifts became palpable when he served as assistant mayor, very properly refused to accept a marked copy. He said he wanted to read the book as a whole. And he dismissed the complaint. As far as my own testimony went, I said truthfully enough that in my opinion Farrell was an important literary figure, that he was not a person seeking cheap notoriety; that "A World I Never Made" was a distinguished piece of fiction and that it was not aimed at the prurient nor would it make any appeal to them.

But I'm glad that Sumner's law did not ask me on cross-examination, "Don't you think the longer interlude on the boy's erotic day dreaming might have have been made at least one-third less without sacrificing anything vital in literary merit?" Having been duly sworn, I would have been compelled to answer, "I think it's too damn long." I have always held to the theory that too much chalk may be just as bad for a novel as for a knee joint.

And if anybody wants to take cracks about the sad state of tension in my unconscious mind I am quite ready to launch a counter-attack. People who come up through life or literature the hard way must inevitably carry their scars with them into composition. Men who have been battered about are not likely to develop into authors intent upon doing exquisite little essays on old wines and the joys of pipe smoking. That's all to the good. And there is justice in the fact that they should write with bitterness about the forces against which they had to fight. But that does not mean that they are freed from the same excellent rules of procedure which should sway in part, at least, every person who puts words on paper. Even the revolutionary writer will err if he fails to grasp the enormous effectiveness of occasional understatement.

I am not going to go into that old one about photography not being art because it is an art. And the good photographer knows what to bring out and what to blur. I do not think I am wrong in the belief that there are times when a kind friend should say, "Keep your shirt on," to the polemist. I think he ought to do that whenever he finds a writer too completely immersed in the mood

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Washington Notes

Farley for President

MR. FARLEY'S TRIP to the San Francisco Fair and back to Washington is perhaps the greatest test of personal character since Daniel was pushed into the lions' den. It has been widely published, mainly by Mr. Farley's enemies, that he is engaged in feeling out his own availability as a 1940 presidential candidate. Does anyone think that Democratic state bosses, swinging aboard his train, will say: "Jim, out here you'd be worse poison than Al Smith in 1928?" Nobody will. As one man they will say: "Jim, you're practically in the White House now." Henceforth Mr. Farley is in danger of being drowned in a euphoric bucket of soft soap.

Apparently the White House group finds Mr. Farley confusing. He has been unassailably loyal to Mr. Roosevelt. Even Mr. Corcoran had early doubts about the Supreme Court reorganization bill; never Mr. Farley. Yet New Dealers feel that he is not one of them. For many months there have been anxious questionings about whether—if no out-and-out New Dealer could obtain the 1940 nomination—Mr. Farley could be trusted to continue the Roosevelt program.

In my opinion, this is to misunderstand Mr. Farley. He is an artist, in the technical sense of Actors' Equity, and a specialty-man. By his own description, his gift is to "contact" people. His greatest performances were back in Mr. Roosevelt's first term, when there were jobs to be distributed. His antechamber in the Post Office Building here was choked with people daily. In an adjoining inner room, men stood shoulder to shoulder. One by one his aides popped them into Mr. Farley's cathedral-like office. He greeted the visitor perched on the front edge of his desk, near an exit door. Because he was half-standing, the visitor never managed to sit down. Very occasionally, it would be as much as three minutes before he would be outside. Mr. Farley's average was much better.

An hour or so of each day was set apart for long-distance calls. Mr. Farley's telephone operators kept ahead of him. Simultaneously ten or a dozen persons, in as many cities, would be holding the wire, please, ready to be clicked to Mr. Farley's telephone without loss of a split second. Most readers know of Mr. Farley's letter-writing feats—how during the 1932 campaign, thanks to a specially invented duplicating machine, he dispatched breezy, intimate notes to 200,000 delighted recipients in a forty-eight-hour period.

Mr. Farley's interviews, telephone conversations and—in most cases—letters are not perfunctory. He can greet a party worker, say something about national affairs, the Democratic organization and the postmistress job of the visitor's Aunt Nellie in a warm, intimate and unhurried manner and be on to the next man in a matter of seconds. From data given by his aides, I am convinced that during this time Mr. Farley averaged about 400 interviews and telephone conversations a day. This means a minute and a record that has never been remotely approached. To see Mr. Farley's pinkly gleaming skull and vast bulk bending with metronomic regularity above succeeding party workers is to be reminded of nothing so much as the great Finnish runner, Nurmi, who, when he was in this country, raced with a stop-watch strapped to his wrist because he had long ceased to race against human beings, and raced only against time, the fourth dimension or God.

There is no authenticated case of Mr. Farley's having addressed a man by his last name. Preferably he uses not the Christian name, but a diminutive. His aides refuse to admit he has ever forgotten either name or face. I once asked Mr. Farley what he considered his greatest exploit. He answered reluctantly. Once when he was touring Pennsylvania with Democratic fellows, the automobile halted momentarily in a small city. He had been there only once before, three years earlier. From nowhere a man arose beside the car and challenged Mr. Farley to identify him. Inwardly he summoned his resources. Suddenly he heard his voice call the questioner by his first name, tell him he had been one of a committee to arrange a party luncheon and repeat the first and last names of the entire committee, distinguishing those who were married and giving the number and sex of their children. Mr. Farley swore the writer never to reveal the name of the city. He said he was afraid his questioner might feel hurt if he learned of the effort necessary to recall his name. In the same way, the late Mr. Houdini never liked the audience to see how he did his stuff.

There is no statistically sound method for estimating the number of voters whom Mr. Farley knows by their first names, and who call him Jim, but I am ready to believe that it is an all-time record. Although the great days of 1933-35 have passed, Mr. Farley's contacting continues. The newspaper story that Mr. Farley is making his California journey to estimate his chances for the presidency is unbelievable. It is unlikely that he will meet a single politician of consequence throughout his trip with whom he didn't talk by long-distance telephone in the week before he left, and with whom he hasn't talked regularly for the last six years.

It is idle for New Dealers to try to appraise an artist of Mr. Farley's rare and special gift by the position he might take as President on work relief or the undistributed-surplus tax. I should like to see him President because of what he might be expected to do with such questions as Easter egg-rolling, the annual ceremony in which from fifty to sixty thousand persons, two-thirds sheepish adults, are personal guests of the President on the White House lawn. With the resources of army, navy and federal treasury behind him, what Mr. Farley would do with the Easter egg-rolling issue is worth contemplating.

Amid this session's crushing appropriations for armaments, Congress deleted an item of $41,000,000 for a new aviation research center at Sunnyvale, California. It was proudly announced that it was done for economy. Military authority now alleges that it was done not for economy but for the parochial interests of the Virginia Senators and Representatives, especially the two Red-hunters, Messrs. Woodrum and Smith. The only existing aviation

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sembling the world of tomorrow than anything produced by Mr. Whalen—and the Virginians wished to discourage a possible rival for appropriations. The result is that experimental planes built on the Coast must be flown the breadth of the country for tests, at great risk to their pilots. To the degree that they opposed the Sunnyvale station, Messrs. Woodrum and Smith have done more to endanger the country's military safety than radicals could do, even if they justified Messrs. Woodrum's and Smith's darkest suspicions. It is reported that one of the tasks set for Colonel Lindbergh is to persuade Congress to come to the Sunnyvale project's rescue.

Washington T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Forecasts, Past and Future

SLOWLY it is dawning on people—including those in Washington—that the course of business has been steadily downward since the first of the year. In early January Drew Pearson and Bob Allen printed in their column a forecast of business for the coming year. It was, they reported, prepared by the same expert who had predicted the 1937 slump. That could mean no other than Leon Henderson. Here is the forecast:

> First quarter sluggish; no slump but also no turn.
>
> Second quarter, a rapid rise in the index of industrial production to a level of 120-125 by July 1.
>
> A very vigorous third quarter with the last three months equaling or topping peak conditions in 1937.

Of course with the second quarter now nearly at an end, the forecast was completely wrong for the first two quarters. Not only was it wrong but it ought to have been clear to those familiar with various business-cycle theories that it would be wrong—wrong by almost all the tests.

For the first quarter the business index went steadily down, instead of being merely sluggish. Instead of the sharp rise in the second quarter it has continued down further than in the first quarter and industrial production has also sagged.

Of course the author of this forecast might say it went askew because of the European situation and the threat of war. He did, indeed, say that in the event of war all bets were off. But there has been no war and the forecast was actually based upon the existence of the war scares. One reason for the forecast was that there was to be a spectacular increase in steel production due to the war program.

There was to be the greatest building program since 1930 and a marked improvement in farm prices and a total national income of around seventy to seventy-five billions. The forecast went wrong in general and in detail.

As a matter of fact, the stock market has now begun to reflect this condition. Up to now various declines in the market have been attributed to recurring war scares. When the market has been left alone and when trading has been light and quiet, prices have risen. Only under special pressure has it declined. But in the last week, for the first time whatever. With trading light, it has just sagged. The rise in the market has been due largely to the steady flow of European capital into American securities. The SEC reported last week that in the last few years a billion and a half dollars of foreign capital has gone into American securities. This steady buying pressure has made all the difference, in the absence of special movements, between a rising and a declining market. It is possible that now the foreign buying has been reduced and that the American market, left to the mercy of a purely American demand, has slumped.

If you want to forecast the course of American political conventions a year from now, watch this market and the business index. If the market slumps badly and the business index declines persistently, the administration will be hopelessly discredited and the Democratic nomination will not be worth having. In that case the Republicans will nominate the man they want. On the other hand, if business keeps up without any very serious slump and the Republicans feel they will have a tough time, they will nominate the man they think is needed to win.

Some gentlemen on the Stock Exchange feel that a great reform is about due down there. They feel that margins should be done away with. Not so long ago the Exchange felt that the customer's man should be abolished. And they proceeded to abolish him by calling him a "broker's representative." Now some want to use the same technique on margins. They want to abolish the word and get a better name for that kind of trading. The word margin, they feel, carries with it the connotation of gambling. And so by getting a nice name for it they will settle that problem. It is an excellent method. The suggestion has been made several times that the deficit can be abolished by calling it "investment" instead of deficit. Thus hope is alive now for those timid reformers who had begun to despair. What we really need to end all our troubles is to rewrite the dictionary.

One of the things about the battle between the AFL and the CIO which has held my attention is the volume of denunciation which has been showered on the CIO for its "reds," while business has been as patient as Job with the racketeers in the AFL. I think it can be proved beyond a doubt that the racketeers of the AFL unions have done infinitely more damage to business than any amount of reds could do it.

The backbone of the AFL is the building-trade unions. And if there is any phase of the labor movement which has been a disgrace to labor it has been the building trades, and for many years. I do not mean that the members of the building-trade unions are corrupt or that even a majority of the business agents are crooked. But certainly in most large cities there is a record of racketeering leadership that is a dark stain on the whole labor movement.

This much must at least be said for John L. Lewis—that he has been making his fight for unfortunate workers who have been the poorest paid of all the men and women in industry. He has not been demanding exorbitant pay for them. On the other hand, the AFL, while demanding pay as high as $13 and $14 a day for its building-trade craftsmen has been

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owned workers of the country. Take the "reds" out of the Lewis unions and the hole made would be very small. Take the racketeering business agents out of the building-trade unions and the hole in the leadership ranks would be large indeed. When is the AFL going to stop worrying about John Lewis' reds and give a little thought to its own corrupt building-trade leaders? JOHN T. FLYNN

Goodbye Please

I MIGHT HAVE SPOTTED "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" as a good weep for Woollcott; but as for the rest of the big hats MGM's publicity men have been able to get thrown over the roof, I can't find out from the picture what all the shootin's fer. It is the story of a shy chap teaching in the same English public school through some fifty years, his early unpopularity and failure with the boys, his absurd romance in middle age and the success that followed his marriage, the death of his wife, and the later years as a beloved fixture in the school. The picture runs two hours.

It is a simple story but it is not simply told—I believe the only direct-narrative sequence in it is the holiday love affair. For the rest there is a brief bit of action here, a long speech there, a snatch of dialogue picked up to show what year we are in. Since boys are always growing up and masters changing, Mr. Chips has to be the whole thing. And as a character he does not change much, except for make-up and the difference between success and failure.

Beyond our interest in what happens next, we have to rely on the business in the school, whether funny or sad or educational. And I think the business all through is handled with a minimum of talent for the natural and right effect. Care has been spent on authenticity and costuming and general good mounting (it was produced in England for MGM). But director Sam Wood is a heavy man against a tiller: when he wants a tear he ships bucketfuls of water, and when he wants a laugh he rocks the boat. Ties or no ties, his school is no school that was ever gone to, and the difference in any language can be seen from "The Devil Is a Sissy" to "Merlusse," from "Decline and Fall" to "What a Life."

"Goodbye, Mr. Chips" will appeal to others more than to me, for while there is no run and life to it as a movie and a general air of stagnant sentiment, there are certain qualities of kindness and wisdom, loneliness and enduring faith in the figure of this spry and gentle soul. (Robert Donat does wonderfully well against the handicap of having to be a young actor in an octogeneric wig and twinkle; but even so the part as written for him is actually pretty straight type, and monotonous in incident.) I thought the emphasis given in writing and direction to the old-school stuff made it less recreative of an attitude than silly. And I know that two hours of episodic speeches, proclamations, entreaties and obituaries can be a pretty wispy bore. Mr. Woollcott and even his principal, the original James Chipso Hilton himself, feel the picture keeps pure faith with the book, but I'll probably never know that. So goodbye, Mr. Chips, goodbye please.

Howard Hawks has had an uneven if successful career, but he directed the best of all airplane pictures, "Ceiling Wings." With a good story, the swift suspense so naturally brought out in movies of pilots and their job would have become a terrific thing under its own power. But this was done in the run-of-the-mill Hollywood way: get something that will wow them, gag it up, bring the girls in, bring everything else in. And so Cary Grant's troubles with a mail schedule in South America, with a girl that drops in, pilots that lose their eyesight or take chances, with the coward who is making good, etc.—this stuff soon gets out of hand because there is too much of it to fit in any line of meaning, so to keep it going the writers then throw in more stuff—the less they know the more they speak. Added to the dangers of this torturing of coincidence, there comes the slowing down necessary to fix half a dozen different things so they can work out happily for the end.

Power dives are always ripping across a theatre screen somewhere: but in this case more could have been done. The atmosphere was right to start with, the give and take among the men, the hard-pressed finances of the outfit, the dangers known and unknown and the good likely people: Cary Grant, Jean Arthur, Thomas Mitchell, Richard Barthelmess, Allyn Joslyn, Sigfried Rumann. In the minor things, where the ridiculous or the stereotype didn't intrude, there was a swell realization of their personalities, of friendship and banter and weariness and trouble. Howard Hawks can be faultless in a sense of how to speed up a situation, or make it flexible and easy with the right emphasis, grouping, understatement. In fact, all these people did the best they could with what they were given—but look at it. The battle with mechanics and the elements, in this as in other air films, provides suspense all right; but so does hanging.

"It's a Wonderful World" is, despite the title, one of the few genuinely comic pieces in a dog's age (direction of W. S. Van Dyke). It occasionally gets too loud and raucous for my taste, but it has a lot of funny people and funny situations, and it clips right along. Much as I do not admire Mr. Ben Hecht, I must insist that he is one of the most brilliant writers in pictures—even among the few who know what pictures are all about he is at the top—and has been proving it for years. His script, like that of the aviation movie, is frankly designed for box-office success. The difference is that it's all of a piece; it hangs together and moves smartly without confusion. It is the familiar compound of the romantic comedy and the detective thriller. Beyond the fact that it brings a shady private detective and a caricatured lady poet unwillingly (at first) together as fellow fugitives and at the same time investigators of some excessively criminal manipulations, the plot is too complex and unimportant to go into. Its virtue is that it does not make you think of plot: suspense holds like a cable, the interest keeps jumping, and there's a pretty good laugh around every corner. (Hecht knows slapstick, but he has a lively imagination that has gone to schools more subtle than Keystone Academy, and he is none the worse for either.)

James Stewart, Claudette Colbert, Nat Pendleton, Guy Kibbe, Edgar Kennedy. They're all good people in the right place, and they have it here. There is a delicious edge to the satire on the flat-foot element; but I take it as farce comedy only, and I find that sometimes my remarks on this form of endeavor are misconstrued, and embitter friends. For all those serious but admirable people who don't mind

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their teeth into, and factually—hell. I mean, Dear Malcolm Cowley: Save your money and stay away from the present comedy manifesto. OTIS FERGUSON

The Bandwagon

The British Prime Minister said "no more deadly mistake" could be made than for any power to doubt that Britain and France would go back on their pledges of assistance to Poland, Rumania and Greece. – *From The Hartford Courant.*

A new civil-service law, signed by Governor Dickinson of Michigan after he had prayed for "divine guidance," put half the state's 17,000 jobs back in the patronage class today. – *From The Newark Evening News.*

Down the Rabbit Hole

Prime Minister Chamberlain complained last night that the speech-making of the dictators interfered with his favorite pastime—the reading of romantic literature. . . . "Often I cannot read for twenty minutes without a visitor coming in and saying, 'He has done it again.' " . . . Chamberlain said he preferred literature "that takes me out of my daily life and away into a world as remote from reality as possible." – *From The St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

The World of Tomorrow: I

Explosives, whistling effects, the noise of motor boats and the ringing of bells take the place of music. – *Description of the fireworks exhibition at the New York World's Fair, from The Magazine of Art.*

This Little Piggie Had None

GERMANY TAKES A CENSUS,
EVEN ON PIGS AND BEES
ASKS DATA ON RACE AND RELIGION
– *Headline in The Chicago Tribune.*

Speak Freely, We Are Quite Alone

No studio audience is permitted at the Sunday evening broadcasts of Mutual's "Original Good Will Hour." Director John J. Anthony believes the troubled guests who ask for his aid should be afforded privacy. – *From a radio column in The Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

If the Egg Stinks, It's Your Attitude

Personal taste, which has served most critics adequately, is no equipment for handling social films. – *From James Dugan's review of "Juarez" and "Confessions of a Nazi Spy" in The New Masses.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

More About Neutrality

SIR: Your editorial on the Neutrality Act, in the issue of May 3, seemed to me to understate the probable effect of the Pittman amendments in deterring Germany from war and the probable effect of the Thomas amendment in hastening a peaceful solution of Asiatic problems.

As to the first, surely a definite promise that we will sell airplanes to England and France means much more than a pious hope that Hitler will understand that sooner or later we are going to do so. Incidentally, I found it a little unfair that when you first mentioned "arms, ammunition and implements of war" you neglected to explain immediately that this means planes as well.

As to the second, your thesis that invocation of the present Neutrality Act in the Chinese-Japanese conflict would have been to the net advantage of China is truly astounding. So far as I know, it is not shared by any who have expert knowledge of the facts of the situation. The whole point of the Thomas amendment, granting that it would affect the realities of the European situation no more than would the Pittman proposal, is that it would make it possible for the first time to take peaceful action to throttle Japan's war party without cutting off the help we have been giving China. This help has been small by our standards, but vastly important for China: not only the opportunity to buy planes, but a loan wherewith to buy trucks, and the moral reassurance that the traditional friend of China's freedom has not sold out to the aggressor.

indication that the principal effect of the Thomas amendment would be to make it possible to withdraw the morally revolting help our country is giving Japan in the form of gasoline, oil, trucks, machine tools, copper, iron and steel. Nor do you point out that without these materials—some grades of which are unobtainable elsewhere by Japan at present—the Japanese army and navy would be helpless either to continue the rash adventure in China or to provoke trouble with us. Considering these omissions, one can hardly feel that you have raised the general plane of realistic understanding or regard for the facts in public discussion of revising the Neutrality Act.

Washington, D. C. A. B. HERSEY

[Mr. Hersey is entirely correct that passage of the Pittman amendment would serve a stronger warning on Hitler and Mussolini concerning our help to Britain and France than they already have. Even without this amendment, however, they must know that the Western democracies would have a virtual monopoly on our economic help. It is a mistake to assume that this help would be unimportant aside from airplanes. As a matter of fact, sale of planes and munitions would, in a long war, be far less important than the sale of basic supplies. We do not believe that many readers would fail to recognize that planes are included under "arms, ammunition and implements of war."

He is incorrect in assuming that no expert believes invocation of the present Neutrality Act would damage Japan more than China. A careful study was made by the staff of the Insti-

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As we have pointed out elsewhere, it would be possible to deprive Japan of essential war materials now purchased in this country by general embargoes and other action not inconsistent with the Neutrality Act. The Thomas amendment is not necessary for this purpose. – THE EDITORS]

Subversive Aliens

SIR: The New Republic has often—as in the recent case of John Strachey—come to the defense of foreign visitors who are excluded from the United States for political reasons. The practice in the past, however, has been to wait until the damage is done. It is in the hope that another belated protest may be avoided that I am writing you today while there is still time to prevent a repetition on a far larger scale of the Strachey episode of last autumn.

I refer, of course, to the impending visit of King George and Queen Elizabeth of Great Britain. Mr. Strachey was prevented from entering the United States because one unknown person in London alleged that he was a Communist. But there is no doubt at all concerning the political affiliations of the royal visitors. They are the physical embodiment of the principle of monarchism—and British monarchism, at that—which has sought to destroy and subvert American democracy for more than one hundred and fifty years. A member of the same royal house to which King George belongs shipped German mercenaries—ancestors, no doubt, of the present-day Nazis—to try to crush our youthful democracy by force of arms, and in the War of 1812 troops of the same namesake of the present King burned the city of Washington to the ground.

Not only have the representatives of monarchism opposed our democratic institutions more violently and over a far longer period than representatives of communism, but the nation at whose head King George VI stands has expropriated upwards of four billion dollars due to American taxpayers in the form of war debts, whereas all that the representatives of Russian communism have done has been to refuse to honor a debt of less than $300,000,000 incurred by the provisional Kerensky government.

But even if the immigration authorities stretch a point and admit the representatives of a subversive form of government which has flouted American property rights, they must consider fitness of the royal pair as individuals. A growing body of opinion advocates the exclusion of all refugees on the ground that they will become public charges. King George and Queen Elizabeth do not, of course, contemplate taking up permanent residence in the United States, but in view of the gathering war crisis in Europe, the possibility that they may have to remain here beyond the time limit allowed to tourists must be taken into account.

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Under these circumstances, then, it becomes difficult to understand how the royal pair will be permitted to carry out their present intention to visit the United States. I therefore propose to anticipate any trouble that may arise by advocating now, while there is still time, the formation of an "Invite Hitler and Mussolini to Washington Committee." Let us make it clear that the American spirit of tolerance still lives.

New York City QUINCY HOWE

Every Boost a Knock

SIR: To pick up one's weekly copy of The New Republic, thumb through it to the sporadic commentaries on the slambang arts of the twentieth century by Otis Ferguson (inverting hackneyed phrases does the trick!), and there to find something which bores into (and right out of) the mind till you almost feel the cerebration is going to pop out an eyeball (or maybe break your heart the way Durante does when he's hot or the way old Bix used to when he hit that ultimate note, holding it for ten bars or so) is to realize the greatness of a mind trained to novelties: You can almost see Otis in his penthouse apartment, batting it out on that old Remington (or maybe dictating the stuff to some twenty-a-week steno who doesn't care much for what constitutes *le mot juste*) and racking his brain till the words run backwards in that search for just the proper esoteric note, for just the right juxtaposition of slang and classical language, but keeping on with this grind week after week because there's only one man in the world who can give to the intellectuals (O Hollow Men!) the arts of our day in just the *right* bastard patois of classroom and poolparlor: Little Otis.

Bronx, New York City LAWRENCE ANDERS

From The New Republic Mail Bag

S. Miles Bouton of Asheville, New York, takes issue with Clyde Miller's statement ("Lest We Fight in Vain," May 17) that "the most educated, moral, respectable and influential [American] citizens were the biggest suckers for British propaganda in 1904-1917." Mr. Bouton says it wasn't so. . . . Sol Epps of Washington, D. C., apparently did not like the editorial "Let the Children In" (April 26). "You certainly are an unconscionably lousy bunch of liars," he writes. "You call the Wagner-Rogers measure a 'bill' when it is a joint resolution. . . . Why don't you Reds go to Russia where you belong and let us Americans alone?"

Charles F. Wright, attorney-at-law, Palo Alto, California, wants liberal leaders and liberal papers to start a movement to "draft" Robert M. Hutchins, president of the University of Chicago, for President of the United States. . . . Rivera Hall, 131 West Thirty-third Street, New York City, is exhibiting "Portrait of America," Diego Rivera's only mural now in this city. It consists of series of twenty-one panels, covering over 700 square feet of wall space, depicting the history of the United States. . . . Y. Murray Goldman of the World Relations Club announces the première of "Democracy Betrayed," a motion picture portraying the history, culture and betrayal of Czecho-Slovakia, Saturday afternoon, May 27, 3 P.M., at Town Hall, Forty-third Street and Sixth Avenue, New York City.

John Dewey, Will Durant, John Haynes Holmes and Rose Wilder Lane write a joint letter under the name of the Non-Partisan Committee for the Defense of Fred E. Beal, 19 West Forty-fourth Street, New York City, to say that efforts are still being made to secure a pardon for Mr. Beal, textile labor organizer, convicted and sentenced to a term of seventeen years during the Gastonia strike of 1929. The committee is petitioning Governor Hoey of North Carolina for an immediate par-

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Exiles of the Arts

FIRST CAME THE YEARS when American writers and painters went to Europe, hoping to find a climate where works of art could ripen. That happened just after the War, in the midst of a political and intellectual reaction here that was a mild foretaste of fascism. The Americans in Paris were called expatriates, but they regarded themselves almost as refugees. The movement toward Europe continued for a decade, then suddenly reversed itself. After 1930 the expatriates came drifting home again, chiefly because they no longer had money enough to live in France. But that wasn't the end of the story. The same ships that carried the Americans homeward also carried the first European writers into exile. They too hoped to find a climate congenial to works of art, but first of all they were coming to New York to escape from the shadow of the concentration camps.

The Germans, of course, have been the central current of the new migration. They have reached this country in successive waves—first the political refugees, in 1933, then the racial and religious refugees (who have never stopped coming), then the liberals who had hoped to find an audience in Vienna, then the more uncompromising anti-fascists driven out of Prague, then a whole assortment of people who had grown discouraged in Paris or London—with the result that New York today is full of German intellectuals; there are said to be more German writers of distinction here than have stayed in Berlin. But the Germans have been accompanied or followed by the intellectuals of other nations under fascist rule—by the Italians, Hungarians, Czechs, Spaniards, whoever was lucky enough to find a loophole in our immigration laws. And the movement has by no means been confined to political refugees. There are, for example, more than a few French painters working in New York. There are Germans who have remained on good terms with their own government. There are English artists and stage people who are glad to escape from the wartime psychology that is interfering with any sustained efforts. As for English writers, who used to come here only to lecture and hurry home, they now insist on making a grand tour of the States—much in the spirit, I suspect, of Rimbaud exploring Abyssinia.

I am discussing only the cultural side of this new immigration, but even so I should be wrong to confine myself to literature and the fine arts. The learned professions are represented too, along with the practical arts, the folk arts and the world of sports. There are physicists, philologists, concert singers, night-club singers, animal trainers, blue-ribbon chefs, industrial designers and dress designers; there are even *skimeisters* like Hannes Schneider and Benno Rybizka, who are trying to create another Tyrol on the slopes of the White Mountains. And these people have brought with them not only their skills but as many of their material possessions as they could smuggle past the border guards. Stroll up Madison Avenue, look into the windows of the little shops or the picture galleries, and you will see Tyrolean costumes, old family silver from Cologne and Frankfurt, fine cameras, first editions, Goethe manuscripts, paintings by the German masters, the spoils of

People still not middle-aged have seen it all happen in their lifetime. First New York was a sort of provincial capital, bigger and richer than Manchester or Marseilles, but not much different in its essential spirit. Then, after the War, it became one among half a dozen world cities. Today it has the appearance of standing alone, as the center of culture in the part of the world that still tries to be civilized. And even though the reality is more modest than the appearance, it is still sufficiently impressive. During the last ten years New York has become the central marketplace for most forms of artistic production and at least the temporary home of the international style in art and life.

Yet when I meet some of the new exiles and catch hints of their illusions about New York, I feel a little abashed—like a host who hears visitors praising his house when he knows that the roof leaks and the bathroom is out of order. I want to greet the exiles warmly, as if they were my own guests. I want to console them for what they have suffered and thank them in advance for all the contributions they can make to the art and business of living in America. At the same time I want to give them a warning that is difficult to put into words.

It isn't a warning about the money troubles in front of them; on that score they have been warned already. They know that there are no restrictions on their finding work, such as exist in almost all the European countries, but they also know that work is hard to find. Hundreds of exiles would have starved during their first months in America if they had not been kept alive by various private charities (the Jews have been particularly active in helping both Jews and gentiles). Hundreds of others, trained in the professions, have taken whatever jobs they could get—often as gardeners, cooks (after a degree in dietetics), handy men or maids of all work. On the other hand, there are hundreds who manage to live much as they did in Europe and even, in some cases, to better their positions.

Apart from the personal element, their success in New York depends largely on the market that exists for their particular skill. Magazine photographers are a case in point. Their profession was highly regarded in Germany, which during the 1920's had the best illustrated magazines in the world, and which still has the best cameras. In the days of the Weimar Republic they would have found no market in this country. But shortly after Hitler, five or six American picture magazines were founded almost simultaneously, so that there was a sudden demand here for skilled photographers. Many Germans and Hungarians—both exiles and simple immigrants—have been hired at good salaries; and they have helped to transform American pictorial journalism. The German industrial designers have also been fortunate, since many of them reached this country at the beginning of the vogue for streamlining, when all sorts of products and packages were being remodeled and new designs were salable.

The scientists belong to a special category, since they speak a universal language and are at home wherever there are facilities for research. The best of them quickly found places in American university or industrial laboratories. The professors of history, economics and political science have not been too unlucky, provided they were able

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are teaching now in at least fifty American colleges. At the New School for Social Research, the graduate faculty is a "university in exile," entirely composed of anti-fascist Germans, Italians and Spaniards. The former Spanish ambassador will teach there next year.

The members of other professions allied with literature and the arts have been less fortunate. The musicians, for example, have come to a country whose own musicians are unemployed; only the more famous of the exiles have been able to find regular engagements. The actors, after learning a new language, have to face a new audience whose reactions are unfamiliar; they don't know when to expect applause or laughter. The writers are probably the most unhappy of all. Besides suffering the same losses as the others—their homes, their livelihood, their audience and their means of reaching it—they have lost some of the essentials of their art. If they are accustomed to dealing with contemporary life in the homeland, they can no longer broaden their experience or refresh their memories. In any case they have few opportunities to hear or speak their own language, the instrument which they have spent their lives perfecting. Some of the older writers, it is true, have found a new audience in translation. But many of the younger ones have grown discouraged: they say it is no use for them to go on writing when there is hardly anyone to read their work even if they succeed in getting it printed. A few are learning to write in English. Most of these are political and economic writers, who deal in ideas that are comparatively easy to render in another language. At any rate they write effective English; and I think they are partly responsible for the increasing sophistication of American political journalism.

In general one might say that the financial prospects of the exiles are black with streaks of sunlight. Their moral prospects are actually more threatening.

A great defeat—like that suffered by humanism in Germany and Spain—does not bring people together. It does not unite the factions that used to struggle for power. In exile, each faction tends to justify itself and blame all the others, thinking that if only the Communists or the Socialists or the Democrats had acted more wisely, the tragedy might have been averted. Quarrels that began on the floor of the Reichstag or the Cortes are continued in West Side rooming houses, in an atmosphere of stale cigarette smoke and delicatessen sandwiches. Even the strongest of the exiles become embittered; the weakest lose their sense of reality and sometimes their honor as well. But this is another subject on which it is useless to give a warning. What the exiles don't know from experience, they can easily learn by reading the story of Karl Marx and his friends in London or Bakunin in Switzerland.

No, my warning is addressed to those among the exiles who come here with illusions, who believe that this is really a new world, and in any case too robust a world for the diseases of old age that are attacking Europe. I want to make them understand that New York is merely another great European city. It is younger than Paris or London; much too young to have developed the traditions of intellectual hospitality that have flourished in London since the eighteenth century and in Paris since the Middle Ages. On the other hand, it has been a great city longer than Berlin, and it seems tired and almost senile as compared with Moscow. It is a colony of European capitalism, a very old colony that has become a richer metropolis than any in the homeland, but without curing itself of the ills that capitalism suffers everywhere. The exiles ought to be warned that by coming here they will escape none of the problems that defeated them in Europe. On an unfamiliar battleground they will have to fight the same enemies.

MALCOLM COWLEY

Books in Review

Power Politics

BOTH OF THESE VOLUMES[1] are based upon certain fundamental assumptions. First, that the world is headed precipitately for another great war; as Mr. Howe puts it, any other prognosis is based upon the unpromising theory that the prevailing mobilization is merely preliminary to an era of brotherly love. Second, that in all probability the United States will be involved in the struggle almost from the outset, with both Japan and Germany as antagonists. Third, that the dichotomy of democracies v. dictatorships is altogether unrealistic. Fourth, that it is therefore quixotic and futile to engage in another war for democracy or religion or international law and that the only sound basis for American intervention is defense of the vital interests of the United States, of which military security is the foremost.

Mr. Howe's book is not so malicious as his former volume "England Expects Every American to Do His Duty." It gives a generous display of rhetorical fireworks and contains a good deal of plain nonsense, curiously compounded with a shrewd analysis of some of the facts. Mr. Howe takes an interesting inventory of the forces engaged in the formulation of American public opinion on international affairs, dividing them into a war party and a peace party—some curious bedfellows here, with lambs and lions, saints and devils, in both camps; Norman Thomas and Bruce Bliven with Herbert Hoover, Father Coughlin and William Randolph Hearst, for example. After carefully weighing the strength and weakness of each group he concludes, probably correctly, that the war party is in the ascendant and will be increasingly so, with the result that the issue for the United States is not whether to enter the war but when and how and why. He thinks that if Franklin Roosevelt continues to preach and moralize and attempt to be disciplinarian of the world he will suffer the same fate as

[1] Blood Is Cheaper Than Water, by Quincy Howe. New York: Simon and Schuster. 223 pages. $2.
Our Maginot Line, by Livingston Hartley. New York: Carrick

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Americans down with him. If, on the other hand, he plays the game of *Machtpolitik*, seeking not to defend the British Empire but rather to sponsor American imperialism (Manifest Destiny in a new form), he will not only solve a good many of our economic problems but will usher in a notable era of American world power.

To this end the United States should enter into an alliance with France, Britain and the Netherlands for the defense of the East Indies, Singapore, French Indo-China, Australia, New Zealand and the Philippines, specifically disavowing, on the other hand, any concern for India, the Mediterranean region or Africa. As a *quid pro quo* the United States should obtain the possessions of its European allies in the Western Hemisphere and should be recognized to have special spheres of interest in the British Dominions (except South Africa) and a virtual free hand in China. If the reader subscribes to this, he will have an imagination as vivid as Mr. Howe's and will be letting his country in for a complication of organic and functional ills which will make our present malaise look like nothing more than a mild headache.

Mr. Hartley's program is on a less magnificent scale, although he, too, is an exponent of *Realpolitik*. He is not cynical about moral and ethical principles but nevertheless believes that national unity can be achieved only by concentration on the national interest. He likewise would wish to have the United States acquire the possessions of France and Great Britain in this hemisphere, but solely on the basis that they seem essential to the military defense of the Americas; he presents an ingenious program by which transfers might be made to American sovereignty. He would not go into a world war lock, stock and barrel, but is an exponent of limited participation by the navy and air force. He believes that Japan might be kept out by a judicious demonstration of force in the Pacific and by a clear-cut statement to the Japanese government that intervention on her part would mean war with the United States.

Mr. Hartley would at all costs maintain, as the first line of defense for the Americas, the traditional balance of power in Europe and the Far East. His book, which has received rather less attention than it deserves, is the first serious attempt to recognize that we live in an age of naked power politics and that it would behoove Americans to examine their national policy with more reference to this patent fact than to the rival ideologies which tend to dissipate our national strength in a war of emotional slogans. Unfortunately, some of his hypothetical assumptions would be more appropriate to E. Phillips Oppenheim than to the serious student that Mr. Hartley so obviously is.

Mr. Howe's book is amusing but is hardly to be taken seriously despite his modest assertion that it is "the prudent American's guide to peace and war." Mr. Hartley, on the other hand, opens up several avenues of original thought; it is all the more regrettable, therefore, that he appears to have a bad case of the jitters concerning the military situation of the United States. What neither of these authors tells us and what every American has a right to know before he even considers American entry into another war is this: assuming the greatest possible military victory for the United States and its allies, what sort of world would remain for us and our children to live in? Is there any reason-

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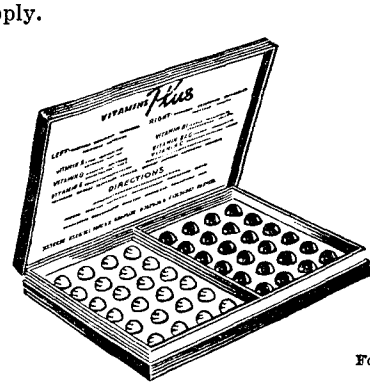

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will be materially altered after another American army may have brought victory to France and Britain? Or will the same old problems await solution?

EDWARD MEAD EARLE

Tragic Liberal

Night Rider, by Robert Penn Warren. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

THE ACTION of this novel passes in Kentucky, around the beginning of the present century. It opens with the return of Perse Munn, a young lawyer, to his native town. Perse, seen on the threshold of his career, seems to have everything in his favor. He is happily married to May, a charming and devoted wife. He wins his first case, a murder charge against a young farmer named Bunk Trevelyan, by a flash of brilliant intuition. Bunk's life is saved, and Perse Munn's reputation securely established.

But already the future is piling up its storm-clouds. For Munn has become one of the leaders of the Association of Growers of Dark Fired Tobacco, a local coöperative organization which has recently been founded to fight the prices and demands of the foreign buyers. From the first, the Association has a hard struggle. The farmers are obstinate or timid; many of them refuse to join. The coöperative fails to impose its terms; the buyers buy elsewhere; funds run low. Step by step, Munn and his friends are driven towards acts of violence. Step by step, they find themselves compelled to establish an illegal, terroristic organization. At first, the Night Riders confine themselves to small punitive raids on non-coöperating farmers—the victims are compelled to destroy their own crops. But inevitably, violence breeds greater violence; murder is committed; petty sabotage is followed by big armed raids on the enemy warehouses. Munn's own life begins to follow the pattern of his public acts. His wife leaves him; he is drawn into a passionate, unhappy love affair with the daughter of his principal associate, Mr. Christian. The story ends, as it had to end, with Munn's death: he is shot while trying to escape from the troops whom Big Business has called in to protect its threatened interests.

Both in design and execution, this is a large-scale novel: it must be judged by large-scale standards. The publishers, and Mr. Allen Tate, are certainly of my opinion—they even go so far as to invoke Tolstoy's name on the cover. Very well, let us seriously ask ourselves the question: Is this a masterpiece? I believe not. Why? Because, I feel, Mr. Warren has failed in his presentation of the chief character. Perse Munn is conceived as a figure of tremendous significance: he is the noble liberal gone astray in a world of power politics. Maneuvered by the logic of events from his democratic platform, he tries to use Force, and Force uses him. Such a man must be very vividly and subtly described by his creator—from the inside as well as from the out. He must be an individual, not a mere type. Perse Munn, as I see him, is the weakest character in this book.

In fact, he embodies the only weakness in a very brilliant, powerful and profound novel. All the minor characters in "Night Rider" are well done. Mr. Christian, original and convincing Judas. And Mr. Warren has, to a high degree, the conspicuous American literary virtue of being able to make people talk. Not only the big dramatic scenes—the trial, the murder of Trevelyan, the burning of the warehouse—but equally the little moments of everyday life are vividly evoked. From the very first sentences you begin to hear and see and smell the Kentucky of forty years ago. Mr. Warren reconstructs an entire world. That he has reconstructed it for myself, a foreigner, without previous knowledge of the social background, is a measure of his great success. Indeed, so important is the theme of this novel and so considerable its achievement, that I almost wish he would rewrite it—as George Moore used to—ten years from now, when the powers already apparent in this first attempt have come to full maturity.

CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD

Shoe-Leather Tales

Men Around the President, by Joseph Alsop and Robert Kintner. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 222 pages. $1.50.

MESSRS. ALSOP AND KINTNER are doing a remarkable thing. In their newspaper column and in this book, they are writing about Washington as if it were a police precinct. They treat of great affairs of state as if they were entries on a station-house blotter. The happy result is that you find no mention of "circles close to the White House," or "sources usually reliable." They tell you that Senator Gulch entered the White House offices at 3:43 P. M., February 29, and what in substance Mr. Gulch said and Mr. Roosevelt answered. You receive almost no sense of the shapeless forces at work beneath the surface of politics, but you learn in precise detail of names, places, dates.

Messrs. Alsop and Kintner have gained great fame as Washington correspondents, but it is unlikely that they will have many imitators. Such massive collections of fact as they present are not easy to come by. They are the reward not only of a delicate reportorial gift, but of an eager and lavish expenditure of shoe-leather. Most Washington reporters are tethered by a leased wire to their home-paper telegraph desk; it is almost unheard of for them to be given the time and facilities that a reporter covering a show-girl murder receives as a matter of course.

Top-rank reporting—after the fashion, for example, of John Reed—is always interpretative. Yet, in the reviewer's opinion, the name-date-place reporting of Messrs. Alsop and Kintner is an indispensable duty if newspapers are to fulfill their self-vaunted functions. Let us take the most extreme contemporary case. Suppose that we had a matter-of-fact record of the reputed meeting of Hitler and Dr. Schacht last January, or the meeting between Hitler and the German generals that followed in February, or the biting and eye-gouging that has occurred since the first of the year among Messrs. Goering, Goebbels, Ribbentrop and Himmler. More profitably, suppose such stories could be read by the German people. The face of the world might be changed.

In the present book, a reportorial account of the New Deal bloc around Mr. Roosevelt, Messrs. Alsop and Kint-

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to squeeze an infinitely complicated political happening into so brief a book, it was inevitable they should be guilty of omissions. In particular, the influence of Mr. Tugwell, the former Under Secretary of Agriculture, both as a person and a symbol, is grotesquely minimized. Properly, the book's climax is the struggle for power between New and Old Dealers that took place last spring, yet two of the chief issues around which the battle swayed, including the daring plans of the present Mr. Justice Douglas for the rehabilitation of the railroads and utilities, are not mentioned, and a third issue, Mr. Douglas' program for intermediate credit banks, receives but a single sentence.

The question that liberals need to ask themselves is why no equally workmanlike stories have been done about the enemies of the Roosevelt regime. While the secret meetings that Messrs. Alsop and Kintner describe were being held in the upstairs White House study, other meetings were unquestionably taking place among big-business representatives in Washington hotels and downtown New York offices. The testimony before the La Follette committee offers tantalizing glimpses of the big-business political offensive. A sober account of the political maneuvering of the du Ponts, Pews, Girdlers and their allies would do as much as anything else to clear the current Washington atmosphere.

JONATHAN MITCHELL

A Novel in Verse

Each to the Other, by Christopher La Farge. New York: Coward-McCann. $2.75.

"EACH TO THE OTHER" narrates the bafflements and triumphs of "a deeply successful marriage": through fifteen years, until her death, Tom Cottrell and his wife Judith slowly evolve a vital mutuality. Actually the novel is prodigal with characters and incidents that have little to do with the marriage. This story isn't a model of unity; its best asset is its psychological honesty. Although he can be cloying to the point of embarrassing his readers, the author never lets his autobiographical hero evade a necessary issue merely because probing entails pain.

But a novel in verse tacitly admits a more challenging aim than that of most novels. Let me be clear: I am assuming that "poetry" isn't merely a synonym for verse, but rather a *quality* all serious verse aspires to. Even if one believes, with Shelley, that "the distinction between poets and prose writers is a vulgar error," certain non-technical differences between prose and verse still seem basic. In prose, for one thing, poetry is a quality that is not traditionally expected—however strikingly it may sometimes occur. Prose is rarely condemned for its lack of poetic impact. It is quite otherwise, though, with verse. Verse, habitual and ancient vesture of most of the world's great poetry, seems pledged to high responsibility. I am afraid that nothing less than poetry's soaring outstretch, sustained at a fine average, can justify the writing of any novel in verse.

In this verbose book the hover of those wings is rare. It contains less genuine poetry than even a quiet prose work like Virginia Woolf's "The Waves." One realizes unhappily that, were Emily Dickinson somehow miraculously come

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physically as if the top of her head were taken off." The author might more aptly have used the unpretentiousness of prose. He can take cheer, however, from the late A. E. Housman's observation that many readers of verse imagine they are responding to its poetry when they are responding merely to its narrative or dramatic interest. Such readers should find this novel great poetry; for, judged sheerly as a story, it is often engrossing stuff. Most of its seventy-five episodes, chronologically ranging from Tom's childhood onward, are telling and dramatic—occasionally they even lapse into melodrama—and most of its characters seem real. Several of them—Tom's father, his grandfather, Clare, Rosemary—are extraordinarily engaging.

The author must have felt their fascination, too: so persistently do some of them seduce his attention, both before and after Judith's late entrance, that barely half the novel is left to explore her marriage with Tom. Consequently, despite its 422 pages the book gives an impression, as regards its crucial theme, of thinness, almost of superficiality. The impression gathers force because Judith never becomes so convincingly flesh-and-blood, contradictorily consistent and alive, as the sure-triggered, brittle, sensual Clare or the passionate, thwarted, enigmatic Rosemary. Haven't we here, perhaps, a secular instance of Blake's argument that the creative imagination so inveterately twins virtue with drabness and evil with energy that, transposing hero and villain, it betrayed Milton, in "Paradise Lost," into making his Messiah appalling and his Satan sublime?

JAMES DALY

Why Fascism?

The End of Economic Man, by Peter F. Drucker. New York: The John Day Company. 288 pages. $2.50.

AGAIN AND AGAIN, the news from Germany and Italy seems paradoxical: material and cultural planes of life are falling, yet the people applaud their own degradation. How can this be? Part of the answer may be found in the non-logical behavior of men. Not only are men ignorant of facts essential to a reasoned judgment of their situation; more important, they are not rational calculators. Basic in such popular approval is the old habit of automatically identifying the interests of common men with the actions of their rulers. As Veblen put it, men are "bound together in the service of their predacious masters by an inveterate and unreflecting solidarity of national conceit, fear, hate, contempt and an enthusiastically slavish obedience to the constituted authorities. Such has been the force of use and wont." Fascist terror and propaganda greatly reinforce these habitual responses. Mr. Drucker's interpretation, however, goes further. The Fascist regimes, he thinks, have found a mass basis in men's *will* to believe in fascism even when they know better. In this provocative book he sets out to show why "the masses flocked to fascism."

Fascism is a result of the collapse of Europe's "spiritual and social order." Capitalism and socialism have failed, not as economic systems, but because they cannot produce "freedom and equality of the individual in the free and equal society." This destroys Economic Man, the rationale of economic convinced the masses that the Economic Man does not point to equality. Irrational forces of war and unemployment seem to rule society. Banishment of these demons becomes the paramount objective. But a new rational way of attaining freedom and equality has not emerged. Therefore men long for a savior. In their despair, the masses find refuge from the senselessness of the time in the Fascist idea of miraculous dictatorship. These causes of fascism are not confined to Germany and Italy. But democracy has survived thus far in Western Europe because there it finds an emotional mass support that is partly independent of capitalism's performance.

Fundamentally, Facist totalitarianism is an attempt to substitute non-economic for economic satisfactions. Hence its military and "corporate" character. The totalitarian economy reduces consumption. Yet this is an advantage, for it helps blot out economic class distinctions. In other ways fascism makes economic inequalities more supportable. It exorcises the demon of unemployment, yet eventually it must fail because it cannot rationalize the demon of war nor create a positive social order. Warlike organization, as an end in itself, will not "satisfy the masses." Fascism must collapse as soon as a new social creed of freedom and equality appears. Unless that new order arrives, however, the masses will continue to worship their deified leader, and Europe is doomed.

This, then, is more than a theory of fascism. It is a theory of European history, invoking a mysterious abstraction as its prime factor: "For two thousand years all orders and creeds of Europe developed out of the Christian order and had freedom and equality as their goal and the promise of the eventual attainment of freedom and equality as their justification." This has the attractions and uncertainties of other historical idealisms. Society serves a high end, and the specific contents of history can be fitted to the desired conclusion. The nature of the Absolute, and the mechanism by which its influences are transmitted to the everyday world, remain obscure. Who, precisely, are "the masses," and how do they come to accept or reject an order and a creed? Is society a rational, organic entity? Mr. Drucker's theory focuses on Germany. But when applied to post-war Italy, it is even less clear. According to his conception, Italian fascism began to develop, not in 1922, nor in 1925, but only after 1934. What, then, does it mean to say that "the masses flocked to fascism," if already for a decade the Italians had been in the grip of totalitarian dictatorship? How exactly was the failure of capitalism "proved" to Italian society? Some observers might well say that the masses, in a literal and active sense, had little to do with the rise of Mussolini's regime; and that fascism was grounded, not on despair of winning freedom, but on *fears* that "the masses" might actually win freedom.

Certainly Mr. Drucker reveals important non-logical aspects of fascism, and properly insists that it cannot be judged by conventional economic standards. Widespread frustration and despair do lie behind the Fascist thrust. Considered as an exclusive explanation, however, it seems to me that his theory is so abstract as itself to need explaining. Numerous details of his argument, too, seem questionable. Yet, as H. N. Brailsford says, this book constantly challenges a

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New Books: A Reader's List

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY WITH A DIFFERENCE, by R. H. Mottram (Appleton-Century, $3.50). His readers have sometimes wished that Mr. Mottram had brought a more marked dramatic sense to his equipment as a novelist, but in this rumination round and about the golden age in which his childhood was passed—the place being the ancient city of Norwich—his meditative style appears to advantage. A leisurely and charming book.

THE MENACING SUN, by Mona Gardner (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50). Travels in the lands from Indo-China to Malaysia to India that are threatened by the Rising Sun of Japan. Miss Gardner wanted to know how the natives would like to bask in its rays and what the French, Dutch and British are doing to make the sun stand still.

DURIAN, by Noel Wynyard (Oxford, $3). An Englishwoman's record of Siam. Miss Wynyard is no great shakes as a writer, but she's easy to read and was certainly handy at making herself at home with the leeches, crocodiles and other inconveniences of life in a jungle.

REVUE, by Beverley Nichols (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). A gay novel about the birth pangs of a musical-comedy production. Attendants include the dewy ingénue, the wide-eyed author, the leading lady out to keep her stranglehold on the public, and the usual hard-boiled backers. Written with bright malice, in an airy mood that wears a little thin.

Contributors

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN is professor of Political Science at Williams College. The most recent of his books is "Europe on the Eve."

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN, formerly the daily book reviewer of The New York Times, is an editor of Fortune. He will contribute a weekly book review to The New Republic during the summer months.

MARYA ZATURENSKA is the author of two books of poetry, "Threshold and Hearth" and "Cold Morning Sky." The latter won the Pulitzer Prize for 1938.

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CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD, author of "The Last of Mr. Norris" and co-author of the three plays with W. H. Auden, has recently published a new book of stories, "Goodbye to Berlin."

JONATHAN MITCHELL, who has written widely on politics and international affairs, lives in Washington, D. C.

JAMES DALY is the author of two books of verse, "The Guilty Sun" and "One Season Shattered."

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